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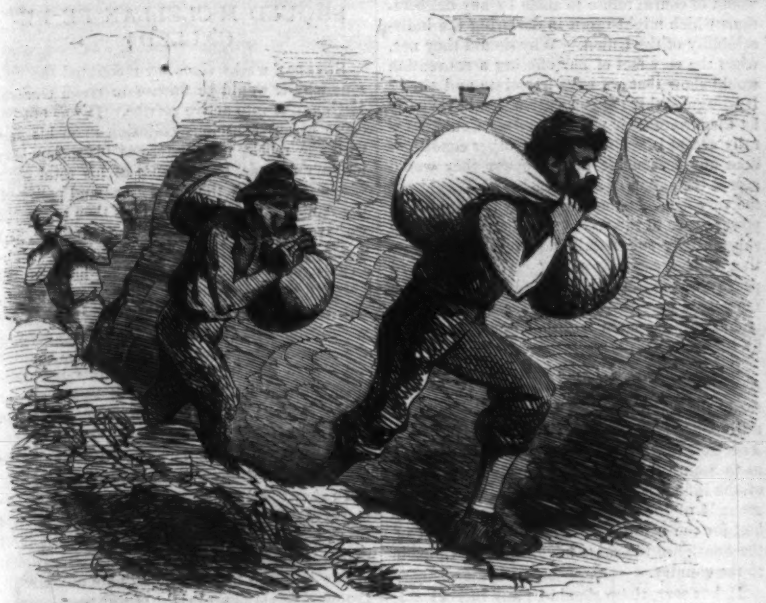
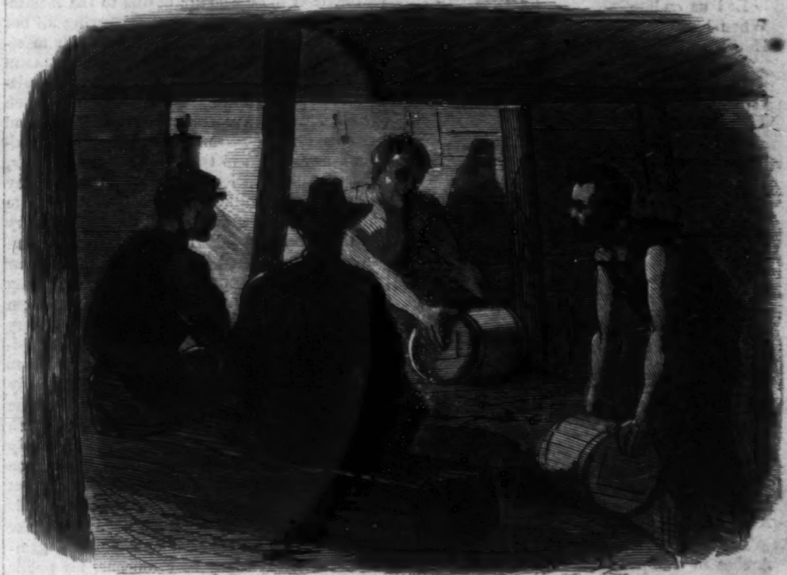


BEFORE PETERSBURG—CARRYING POWDER TO THE MINE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

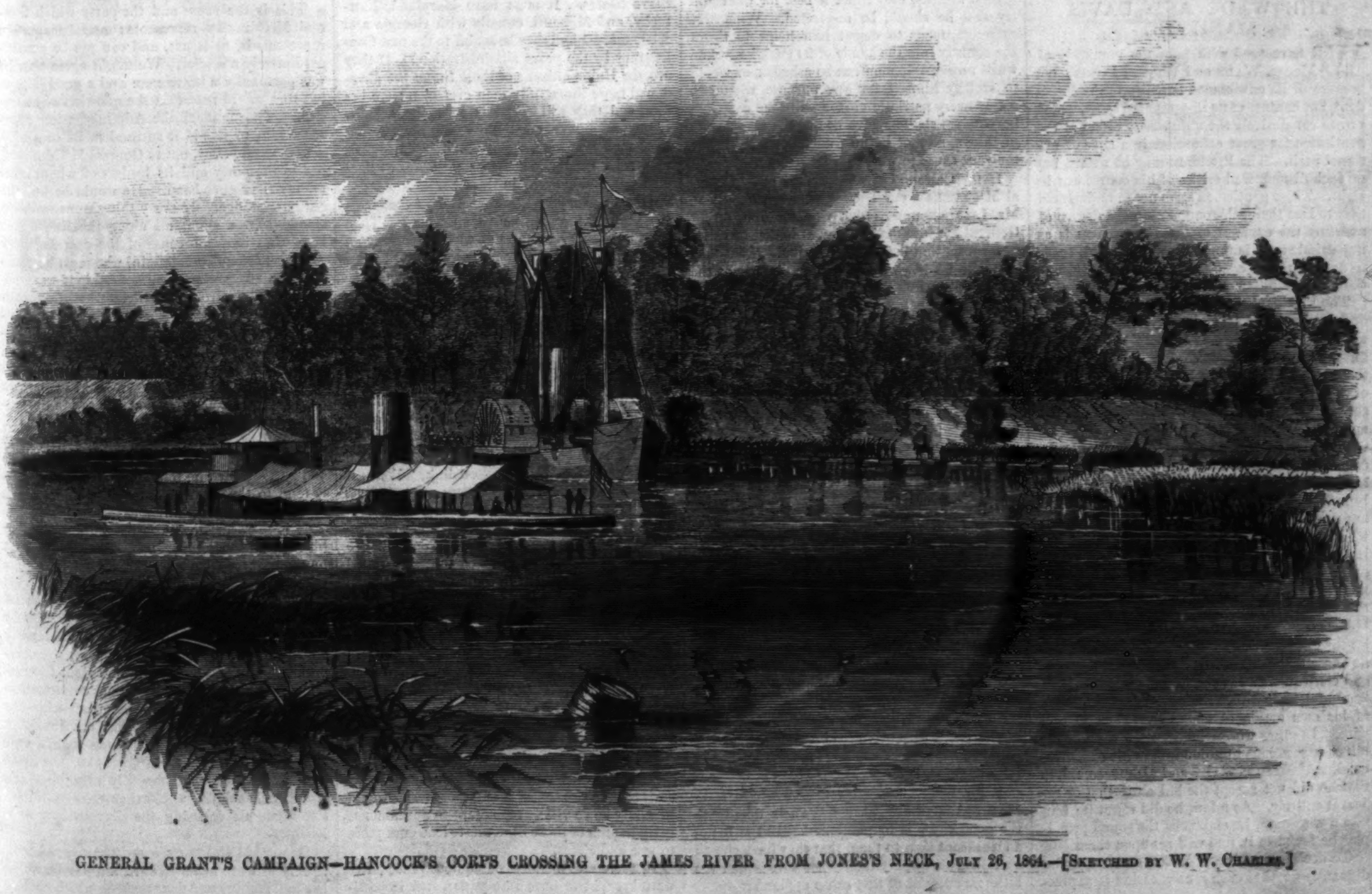


COL. PLEASANT SUPERINTENDING THE ARRIVAL OF THE POWDER.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

ON this page, and also on pages 532, 536, and 537, we give illustrations of General GRANT'S campaign. THE CROSSING OF THE JAMES by HANCOCK'S corps, illustrated on this page, took place July 26, from Jones's Neck to Deep Bottom, on the north side. By 6½ o'clock the next morning this corps had all crossed the river, and was advancing across Strawberry Plains to the earth-works of the enemy half a mile in its front. Although exposed to a sharp fire in this advance, they pressed steadily forward, and flanking the rebel left, gained a position from which the rebel line could be easily enfiladed, when the enemy gave way. BARLOW'S division captured four 20-pound Parrott guns which the flying rebels left in their embrasures at the edge of the woods. This capture, the credit of which is particularly due to Miles's brigade, is illustrated on page 532.

On this page are also two sketches illustrating the interior of the mine exploded in front of Petersburg July 30. One of these represents soldiers carrying the powder down the covered way into the mine; the other the arrival of the powder, superintended by Colonel PLEASANTS. The mine had two chambers at the end of the covered way, and was 400 feet in length. It was made under the supervision of Colonel PLEASANTS. It was 510 feet in length, from the entrance to the point where the galleries diverged. A visit to it was not the most delightful trip that could be imagined. In the first place, the covered way by no means afforded entire security to the passengers through it, as there were numerous places covered by the rebel sharp-shooters, who, upon the traveler's appearance, would fire half a dozen shots at once, to make sure of him—particularly aggravating to the men perspiring under the burden of sand-bags or kegs of powder, the latter carried also in bags. The mine being less than four feet in height, it was necessary to bend double in order to pass through it; the atmosphere was insufferably hot, and the ground so slippery as to quickly tire any one not used to such locomotion. Sitting at the end of it, the men passing in the powder as silently as possible, speaking in low tones, and lighted by dimly-burning dark lanterns, a queer sensation was felt on learning that not more than



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—HANCOCK'S CORPS CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER FROM JONES'S NECK, JULY 26, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. CHARLES.]

twelve or fourteen feet of earth separated you from the rebels in the earth-works overhead—an effect heightened by the sounds of the rebel workmen countermining, whose blows in faint thuds reached the ear.

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT FOR M'PHERSON.

What mean these wailing strains
That come like summer rains
Through the air;
Their solemn breathings play
Upon the tranquil day,
The voices of despair.

Let all the woods around,
With music's saddest sound,
Tell that M'Pherson's dead;
Clouds shed your heavy tears,
For in the prime of years
Low lies the honored head.

O comrades in the fight,
How his eye's inspiring light
Led us on!
When battle-trumpets blew,
How grandly he dashed through,
And was gone!

Can we forget the form
That passed us 'mid the storm
Of hissing shot and shell?
'Mid our cheering, wave on wave,
We knew what the look he gave
Was meant to tell.

Ah, giants we became,
When through the battle flame
We saw our hero fall;
We forced the foe to yield
His body on the field,
That our breasts might be its pall.

A mother's tears like rain,
A young bride's passionate pain,
O'er his dear face shall pour;
For in the fiercest fight,
Or bivouac's flickering light,
It shines no more!

But far beyond the tears,
Above the mists of years,
The peaceful bow of heaven
Arches in tranquil light
Their fame, who for the right
Their lives have gladly given.

And on our history's page
Shall gleam through many an age
The name we love to tell;
Our children's children shall repeat it o'er,
"The grand old name of gentleman" he bore,
And bore it well.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 20, 1864.

THE WADE AND DAVIS MANIFEST.

We have read with pain the manifesto of Messrs. Wade and Winter Davis; not because of its envenomed hostility to the President, but because of its ill-tempered spirit, which proves conclusively the unfitness of either of the gentlemen for grave counselors in a time of national peril. The President may be wrong, but no such distempered critics of his course can be right. These gentlemen seem not to understand that to lose their self-command to the degree of assisting the enemies of the Government is as unpatriotic as it is unmanly, and, while it tends to destroy public confidence in the Administration, forfeits public respect for themselves.

The President may constitutionally veto a bill, or he may allow it to lie, after adjournment, without his signature. In both cases the bill for the time fails to become a law. Now, in the particular case involved in the manifesto of Messrs. Wade and Davis, the President received the bill at the last moment, and did not approve it. He might have left it there; but, with his usual frankness of dealing with the country, in which his official conduct may well become a model for his successors, after maturely reflecting upon the principle of the bill, he announced that while he did not approve it as a whole, and consequently could not make it a law by giving it his signature, yet that he did approve some suggestions in it, and in his executive action would be governed by them. Nothing could be simpler, fairer, or further from "despotism." It was his constitutional right to let the bill drop and say nothing about it. But he chose to say that while he could not approve, and consequently obey it as a law, yet that he would follow it within the unquestioned domain of his own action so far as it seemed to him wise. In other words, he accepted parts of the bill as suggestions to guide him in his executive conduct. Messrs. Wade and Davis complain that he did not accept the bill altogether or reject it entirely. As a law, he did reject it · but, like a wise man, he embraced the sound principles he found in it, and will act upon them.

To declare, as Messrs. Wade and Davis indignantly do, that such a notification is unprecedented, is true, but not in the injurious sense they intend. It is in accordance with the perfect confidence in the people which the President always manifests, and which endears him so closely to the popular heart. The Chief Magistrate is certainly not forbidden to announce the general principles which will govern his action, whether he do it without special occasion or in his annual or a special message, or in the form of a proclamation explaining why he has not signed a bill. To charge him, because he does so, with extraordinary and dangerous assumptions of power, is childish. Mr. Lincoln is a candidate for re-election by the people. Is he likely to take a step which there is no necessity for his taking at all, and which, if it so plainly lead to absolute despotism and the preference of his arbitrary will to every other consideration, then leads, as he perfectly well knows, straight to his own political annihilation?

The insinuation of Messrs. Wade and Davis that the President refuses his assent to their bill from motives of personal ambition is entirely unworthy of them. It is part of the desperate struggle of those who are hostile to the Administration to represent him as destroying all our liberties, and mismanaging the war only to secure his own re-election. Messrs. Benjamin F. Wade and Henry Winter Davis condescend to pander to this effort. But against such assaults, whether proceeding from masked friend or open foe, the personal character of the President, as revealed in the fierce light of the war, must be his sufficient defense. From the day when covert rebellion lay in wait to assassinate him in Baltimore, through all the mad ribaldry of the rebel press down to the last malignant sneer of Copperhead Conservatism, the popular confidence in the unswerving fidelity and purity of purpose of the President has smiled the storm to scorn. We hear occasionally of Secretary Seward's little bell, whose tinkle by the President's permission sends any citizen unheard to a dungeon. But nobody knows, and nobody wishes to know more than the President and the Secretary that twenty million pairs of eyes watch that little bell, and its tinkle is effective only because the people who look with those eyes see that the bell is rung to save their liberties, not to secure their slavery. It is simply impossible to make the American people believe that the President is a wily despot or a political gambler. His views may be erroneous, his public policy is open to discussion, but that he loves the Union less, or is less faithful to the Constitution than the bitterest of his enemies, we are sure no loyal man honestly believes.

Nor is the censure of the manifest of Messrs. Wade and Davis a party matter. There is no party consideration in the case. The Union men of the country have nominated Mr. Lincoln upon the strength of the general course of his administration and of his personal patriotism. They do not profess to approve every act, or to agree with every measure of that administration; but under all the circumstances of the time and country, and his unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles which the rebellion attacks, they think it best for the country that he should be re-elected. Whatever, therefore, tends to defeat him helps to throw the country into the hands of its enemies. And while no sensible man can be asked or expected to stultify himself for any purpose whatever, surely every patriotic citizen will take care that his conduct shall be governed by the actual state of things, so that he may not hopelessly injure the very cause to which he is devoted.

If the Chicago Convention nominates General M'Clellan, our friends who are hostile to Mr. Lincoln must either vote for him, or for General M'Clellan, or stay at home, or call a new convention before the election. That they will vote for M'Clellan either directly at the polls or indirectly by staying away we do not believe. To call a new convention and make another nomination could not detach from Mr. Lincoln the body of his friends, but might secure the election of the Chicago candidate. It would be a division in face of the enemy. But if the faults of the Administration are so fatal as to justify such a course they would justify a direct vote for the Chicago nominee without the machinery of a third nomination.

These are very obvious considerations, but some of our friends seem to forget them. To criticise the Administration and to censure, upon occasion, is not only pardonable—it is patriotic. But there is the censure of a friend and of an enemy. There is a criticism which, free from the least suspicion of private or personal motive, strengthens the Government by friendly suggestion. There is another criticism which, by incessant and irritating carping at the details and the omission of the general scope and result of an administration, disheartens the desponding, paralyzes the timid, delights the foe, saddens the friend, and helps the hostile triumph. But if there be any ground of doubt of the patriotic purity of motive in the censor, he not only gives the victory to the enemy, but he loses the confidence that was reposed in himself.

We attribute no unfair motive whatever to Messrs. Wade and Davis. Their fidelity to the good cause is unquestioned. But is it not a significant sign to them that they have chosen a method to display their friendship which the bitterest enemies of that cause applaud?

A PEACE ADMINISTRATION.

We have already said that the adoption of the extremest peace measures would not give us peace. Let us look a moment and see why this is.

If the peace party should come into power the leaders must at once take some practical steps to secure the object for which they had been elected. They must, of course, first of all, proclaim a cessation of hostilities, and proceed to negotiate with the rebel chiefs. Now there are but three conceivable solutions of the question outside of war. Either the peace administration and the rebels must agree to a convention by whose decision they will abide; or they must of themselves arrange some terms of reconstruction, or they must consent to some kind of separation. The peace party, if it obtains power, must adopt some one of these three measures.

The first of them, a convention, except for the express purpose of arranging the terms of dissolution, is plainly impracticable. For the rebels would of course refuse to abide by any deliberations which might result in declaring the indissolubility of the Union. Why should they not, when the very fact of our offering a convention would show that we were irresolute and tired? If we agreed that the convention should virtually let them have their way, the rebels would naturally accept it. But upon any other conditions does any reasonable man suppose they would accept the action of a convention? Would not the very fact that the peace party had come into power prove to the rebels that they were already substantially successful, and prevent their putting that success in peril? The election of peace candidates would be an advertisement that the people were ready to stop the war, and that is done always upon terms dictated to and not by the party that asks for peace.

But if the peace administration should undertake to arrange reconstruction we know already the conditions. They would be substantially such terms as the rebels might propose. The Constitution would be vitally changed so as to secure the ascendency in the government of the influence known as "the South." The grounds of the action would be that slavery is best for the negro, and that the productions of the South are the most important and valuable to the country.

If, however, there should be any ineradicable suspicion or conviction upon the part of the rebels that their safety lay in total separation, our peace administration must devise some method of securing a dissolution of the Union. How can that be done? It is a very easy cry, "Let them go, and have peace." But how are they to go? The very first practical point is the settlement of a line. Where shall it be? There is no natural boundary—no river or desert or lake or mountain range—between the rebel section and the rest of the country. It must then be an arbitrary line. But upon what principle shall it be determined? Obviously by the slave system. The rebellion is to save slavery. When it is victorious it will properly claim all the Slave States. It must have Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, equally with Georgia and Alabama. Shall they be set off to the new Confederacy by the peace administration? If they are, the Union citizens of those States are abandoned more shamefully than ever men were before, and they will certainly refuse to submit. If they are not set off, the question must be left to the popular vote. But could it be so left, with such tremendous issues pending, without civil war and anarchy in those States?

Or let us suppose that such Border States assented to the separation—then what? Then the adjoining Free States at once border upon a victorious foreign slave empire which has proved its power to destroy the nation of which those States were parts. The inevitable consequence would be that the question would be forced upon every such State whether it would try to form a new alliance with the other States of the late Union, or join its fortunes to the triumphant Confederacy. This question would develop at once two embittered parties; nor is there any possibility whatever that it could be peaceably determined.

For it must be borne in mind that the Union is no stronger than its weakest link. When it is broken any where it falls every where. The bond that holds Vermont to New York is precisely the same as that which connects New York with South Carolina. When one State or ten States by force of arms compel the united government to consent to their withdrawal, the united government must thenceforth allow the secession of any other State at will, and becomes consequently of the exact weight of a single State. This was all practically proved eighty years ago under the Confederation. Now as union is really an instinct among the people of the States—for they are truly a nation—immediately upon the dissolution of the present Union by any stronger Union of some of its States, the remainder would instantly gravitate toward that. But they could join it only upon such terms as it proposed, and those terms would certainly be so vitally repugnant to an immense party in each of those States as to lead once more to war and chaos.

If, therefore, the most obsequious peace party were brought at once into power, it is impossible to conceive any policy which they could adopt that would avoid war. Their most flattering promises must fail. They could save neither blood nor money, while they would transfer the seat of war from the South to the North, and plunge every part of the land into mere anarchy. Ought it not, indeed, to be enough to name the names and contemplate the characters and careers of the men who are the most vociferous and acknowledged champions of the peace policy? Think of them, think of the most eminent among them, and then ask whether *such* leaders can honorably save any nation under any circumstances whatever. When men who are universally respected declare that peace is possible with honor, the people will cry Amen! But while those who command respect neither by character nor ability incessantly vituperate the Government and clamor for peace upon rebel terms, the people will continue to cry "Pooh!"

SHOULD M'CLELLAN BE RECALLED?

Several weeks since we recounted the reasons why it would be unwise to recall General M'Clellan into active service. It was not because of any conscious collusion upon his part with the rebels, nor because of his melancholy military records, but because of his total want of sympathy with the convictions and policy of the Administration. The views then expressed we have certainly seen no occasion to modify. At a late meeting in Hempstead General M'Clellan is reported to have said that he supposed his flattering reception was offered not to him, but to the cause which he represented. He vaguely explained by saying that the cause was the country; but how he represents the country more than any other citizen not in rebellion—than General Buell or General Fremont, for instance—it is not easy to see. Yet there is a cause which he does represent, and it is precisely because of that fact that it seems to us unwise to recall him.

In view of all our history, and of the developments of the war, there is yet a party which holds that the rebellion, if not justified, was at least palliated by the discussion of slavery; which insists that the free and legitimate exercise of the most fundamental right of any popular government was censurable, if not almost treasonable; which believes that the Southern system of slavery—notwithstanding the facts of thirty years and of human nature—is perfectly consonant with a republic like ours; which maintains that, in waging the war against this rebellion, it is impolitic and unconstitutional to do any thing about slavery except to return the slaves who escape to our lines to their masters. It is a party which thinks that slavery is good for negroes, that the President is a weak trickster, that the principles and policy of the Administration are fundamentally false, and which steadily flouts and insults the great American doctrine of equal rights as "Niggerism."

This is the cause and the party which General M'Clellan represents; and because he represents it, he is not, and can not be considered merely a soldier. We might agree that he was personally a brave man and a good officer, but that would not affect the question of his recall. The moment the Administration summons him to its aid it surrenders its own convictions and policy, not to General M'Clellan, but to the party and its leaders of whom he is merely the figure-head. He would be but the entering wedge. If every thing went well, we should hear a shout all along the line of his party that it was because of the extraordinary genius of this great chieftain, who must be made President by acclamation. If things went ill, we should hear from the same authorities that it was because of the outrageous jealousy and interference of the President and the "Washington Directory." If they went very ill, even through M'Clellan's own incompetency, that cry would swell as it did when he was before in command, into a shout that it was his duty to turn out the imbeciles at Washington and install himself Dictator in their place. Thus, were M'Clellan recalled, the tactics of "the cause and party" which he represents would constantly tend to the same end, namely, their return to political power by any means whatever.

It is to secure the chance of this result that his recall is so strenuously urged at this moment by those of his friends who doubt whether he is sure of the Chicago nomination. But General M'Clellan has chosen to paralyze his power of serving the country in this war as a soldier by accepting the leadership of the political party which rancorously reviles and opposes the Government, and he has therefore no right to complain that the President declines to undertake to blend a policy which he approves with one that he does not. If, however, the President should yield, he may be very sure that in case of any disaster under M'Clellan, the same papers which now so smoothly urge his recall merely as a soldier, would then most loudly insist upon his deposing the Government as a Dictator.

General M'Clellan, it must be remembered, is only a figure-head. Since the war began he has said nothing and done nothing which showed either great ability or comprehension of the emergency. He has made several non-committal speeches; he has written a letter urging the election in Pennsylvania of the candidate for whose success the rebels were praying; and he has delivered an oration at West Point, remarkable only for its commonplace platitudes, and for declaring that the war should be prosecuted for the restoration of the Union. He has also published a Defense of his Chickahominy Campaign, the object of which is to show that he was not responsible for its disasters and catastrophes—a point upon which he differs with many leading military men in the country. General M‘Clellan also gained an advantage at Antietam, but did not call up his reserve to secure it, and by giving Lee a day's truce enabled him to withdraw and save his army, thus showing himself to be an eminent disciple of the Buell school of war.

These are his services. But whether the President be entreated to recall him to the field, or the country be solicited to make him President and Commander-in-chief, he is still but a puppet. Behind him, and controlling his words and acts, are men who are doing and have done what they can to delay the suppression of the rebellion by discouraging the national hope and paralyzing the national endeavors. General M‘Clellan is to be judged by the "cause" and the party which he represents; and whoever urges his recall to service urges the Administration to open Pandora's box.

THE BLACK TROOPS.

There can be nothing more pitiful than the malevolent eagerness with which certain newspapers deride the colored troops for being no braver than the white troops at Petersburg. Did the unhappy panic at Bull Run, three years ago, prove that white men were cowards? Did the misfortune of the noble Second Corps, five or six weeks since, which General Hancock announced must be retrieved, show that they were poor soldiers? Or did every sensible man say at once that the reputation of that brave corps was not to be lost by a mishap which might occur to the best corps of the best army in the world? Upon occasion of the late disaster to General M‘Cook's cavalry—caused by the fact, as reported, that the men were drunk with whisky—is it sneeringly asserted that if the Government chooses to employ white cavalry, nothing is to be expected but that they will get drunk and be whipped on every occasion?

Of course not. When we read of M‘Cook's misfortune we remember Sheridan's, and Kautz's, and Grierson's, and Averill's daring and victorious excursions, and we acknowledge with pride and gratitude the valor of our cavalry while we regret every mischance that befalls them. When we heard that the Second Corps had been flanked and had lost prisoners, we recalled their dauntless conduct at Spottsylvania and in the Wilderness, and chafed with them over the temporary shadow that obscured their name. And every sensible and true American citizen, when he reads of the faltering and retreat of the colored troops at Petersburg, recollects Fort Wagner, Olustee, Milliken's Bend, and Baldy Smith's charge upon the same ground at Petersburg, and knows that the failure is not the proof of cowardice or incompetency, but is one of the painful events from which the record of no corps and no army can be entirely free.

We have always insisted that colored men should have the same chance of fighting in this war that white men have; and we have always believed that, battle for battle, they would show the same spirit and pluck. Nor has the history of the war, the last assault at Petersburg included, belied our belief. And we may fairly ask whether any class of men—white, black, red, or yellow—whose services had been so grudgingly received and so reluctantly rewarded; who knew that their capture was equivalent to torture, massacre, or slavery, and for whose wrongs retaliation so loudly promised was as yet not inflicted; who were so maligned, rebuffed, and insulted as the colored men in this country are—we may fairly ask whether any soldiers would have fought more steadfastly and bravely and willingly than the colored troops in the Union army?

The mental and moral condition of those who begrudge fair play to the most unfortunate, but by no means the least meritorious class of our population, is one of the most melancholy phenomena of the times. The want of that fair play has produced the war, and until we concede it the war under some form will continue. The most brutal part of our population, deluded by "Conservative" demagogues, incessantly declare that "niggers are only fit for slaves." The most intelligent American citizens, and the conscience of all Christian civilization, rejects the foul injustice. It is the conflict of that enlightened sense of equity and right with the ferocious determination of class privilege and prejudice which is reddening our soil every where. Whoever panders to that injustice prolongs the war. Whoever cherishes it postpones the peace which can be permanently established upon Justice only.

The more thoughtful among those who are committed by party-spirit and jealousy to fostering the unmanly refusal to allow the black race fair play in this country must sometimes clearly see the hopelessness of their cause. They know as well as we that their profession of seeking the real interest of that race is a self-delusion. They know that the word slavery expresses some form of injustice, disguise it as they may; and they are consequently aware that they are fighting against the human heart, against the instinct of civilization, and against the peace of the world. In such a contest, however they may prolong it, they are doomed to defeat and ignominy. They know, as we all do, that General Greene in commending the valor of the colored troops in the revolutionary battle of Rhode Island is a more humane and ennobling figure to our imaginations than he would have been had he sneered at them as unfit for soldiers because they were "niggers." For that is not the spirit which makes honorable men or great nations. We, too, are passing into history. And in our children's eyes which will seem nobler, the men who died bravely fighting upon the slopes of Wagner and Petersburg, and on the plains of Olustee and Milliken's Bend, or those who contemptuously cried as they read the story of the last Petersburg assault, "Pshaw! niggers never will make soldiers."

THE NEW LOAN.

We gave last week in these columns a perfectly simple description of the new loan and its advantages. Yet to many plain people all over the country all financial matters are mysteries, yet mysteries which a little explanation will readily remove. We suggest, therefore, to our friends every where, and especially in remote and quiet country districts, that they call meetings of the neighborhood to talk over the loan, to show its direct and vital importance, to point out its peculiar value as an investment, and to explain to every man what to do in order that the United States may get his fifty or five hundred dollars. There are thousands and thousands of people every where who would gladly lend to the Government if they only knew how. The active men in every village and hamlet and country neighborhood, who are used to practical financial details, might form themselves into committees to secure the subscriptions. At least the matter is worthy of their consideration.

The rebel sympathizers, foreign and domestic, already assert that the debt will be repudiated. That the disciples, allies, and well-wishers of the famous Mississippi repudiator, Jefferson Davis, and of a "Confederacy" which has repudiated all Northern debts, should say so is not strange. But loyal citizens will easily see that the debt is simply the pledge of the people to themselves of all their property. Every citizen is consequently interested in the payment of the debt—first, in his honor as a debtor; and then in his interest as a creditor.

Loans and arms are the right and left hands of the nation in this war; and while every body can not bear arms, there are very few who can not lend money. To subscribe to the loan or to go to the field are therefore equally patriotic services; and the former is a service which many a woman who has laid by her earnings can and would willingly render.

FROM THE WESTERN ARMY.

We have received a letter from "D," in the Western army, inclosing the lines upon M‘Pherson's death, of which the writer says, "they have the merit of being *felt* if nothing more." He kindly adds in another part of his letter, "Allow me to congratulate you upon the wide and healthy influence you are exerting through the columns of the *Weekly* in our army. No reading matter that comes to us 'cords' so completely with our feelings in these days of battle as your ringing editorials. We fight from belief in such a thing as patriotism and love of country; and if our leaders at home shape the institutions of the country so as to make it more worthy of loving, they will increase our devotion in fighting for it."

Our correspondent subjoins the following authentic particulars in regard to General M‘Pherson's death:

> The morning of July 22d the Army of the Tennessee was in line of battle two miles east of Atlanta, crossing the Augusta Railroad, facing west, with the Seventeenth Corps on the extreme left. Anticipating an attack upon his left flank, General M‘Pherson ordered the Sixteenth Corps, under General Dodge, to form on the left of the Seventeenth, running the line southeast. While this movement was being executed the rebels made their first assault. The right of the Sixteenth Corps had not been completed to connect with the left of the Seventeenth, and a column of the enemy penetrated to our rear.
>
> General M‘Pherson, in riding along the line of the Sixteenth Corps, was vociferously cheered by all the troops, and particularly by the Second Brigade, Second Division. He bowed his acknowledgments with his usual genial smile. A few moments afterward, in crossing to the line of the Seventeenth Corps, he came upon the force that had turned their left flank, and receiving a volley of musketry, he was struck by a bullet, which passed through his right lung, shattered the spine, and produced almost instant death. The Second Brigade was ordered to charge, recapture a battery of the Seventeenth Corps, and recover the General's body. Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, General M‘Pherson's Adjutant-General, rode forward with the brigade, and excited the men to a frenzy by his appeals to them to avenge M‘Pherson. They rushed forward with a low cry, swept the rebels from the field like chaff, recaptured the guns, while Lieutenant-Colonel Strong and Captain Buell, of General M‘Pherson's staff, went forward with an ambulance, under the guidance of Private Reynolds, of the Fifteenth Iowa Regiment, and brought off the body.

The following is a copy of the Order issued by General Blair, complimenting Private Reynolds:

Head-quarters Seventeenth Army Corps,
Department of the Tennessee,
Before Atlanta, Georgia, *July* 26, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER.—No. 8.

During the bloody battle of the 22d inst., in which this corps was engaged, Private George J. Reynolds, D Company, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, was, while in the performance of his duty on the skirmish line, severely wounded in the arm. In attempting to evade capture he came to the spot where the late beloved and gallant commander of the army, Major-General M‘Pherson, was lying mortally wounded. Forgetting all considerations of self, Private Reynolds clung to his old commander, and amidst the roar of battle and storm of bullets, administered to the wants of his gallant chief, quenching his dying thirst, and affording him such comfort as lay in his power. After General M‘Pherson had breathed his last, Private Reynolds was chiefly instrumental in recovering his body, going with two of his staff officers, pointing out the body, and assisting in putting it in an ambulance under a heavy fire from the enemy, while his wound was still uncared for.

The noble and devoted conduct of this soldier can not be too highly praised, and is commended to the consideration of the officers and men of this command.

In consideration of this gallantry, and noble, unselfish devotion, the "Gold Medal of Honor" will be conferred upon Private George J. Reynolds, Company D, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, in front of his command.

This order will be read at the head of every Regiment, Battery, and Detachment of this corps.

By Command of
Major-General Frank P. Blair.
(Signed) Lieutenant-Colonel J. Alexander,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Since the assault made against the enemy's lines before Petersburg, July 30, nothing of importance has transpired in General Grant's army. A truce was allowed by the rebels August 3, to bring off our wounded and dead. The portion of the rebel defenses assaulted on the 30th was assigned to General Mahone. The injury done by the explosion of the mine has been repaired. The exact number of our losses in the assault is set at 5640. On the 6th inst. the rebels exploded a mine in front of the Eighteenth Corps. It was followed by an assault in the afternoon, which was repulsed. Colonel Steadman, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Eighteenth Corps, was killed by a stray shot from his own comrades in the confusion which followed the explosion in the morning.

From General Sherman there is little additional news. The three battles fought on the 20th, 22d, and 28th of July it is estimated have cost Hood's army 25,000 men, while our own loss has been not half of that. The Atlanta *Appeal* of July 24 says that at the rate of fighting since Hood took command the rebel army would be annihilated in just three weeks. This was before the battle of the 28th, in which the rebels lost five or six thousand men. Major-General O. O. Howard has succeeded M‘Pherson in the command of the Army of the Tennessee. This appointment has unfortunately led to the resignation of Hooker, who has come to the East.

We have the details of the battle of the 28th. On the 22d the Army of the Tennessee, consisting of the three corps lately under M‘Pherson, threatened Atlanta from the east at Decatur. On the morning of the 28th this army was transferred from this position to the extreme right, moving to within a short distance of the Macon road on the west of the city, the only railroad communication then left to the rebels. While this was transpiring Schofield, then holding the left, was attacked, having orders to refuse. A general skirmish was kept up along Sherman's lines, however, and the commanding officers had orders to take advantage of any weak point which offered in the enemy's position. In the movement from Decatur Logan's (Fifteenth) Corps had the advance, taking up a position between the railroad leading to Macon and that to Chattanooga. Dodge's (Sixteenth) followed on his left, then Blair's Seventeenth. On Logan's extreme right Jeff C. Davis's division of the Fourteenth Corps was to take its position, but by mistaken orders failed to do so. As soon as Howard's army got into position, and had built temporary breast-works, Stewart's rebel corps, numbering 20,000 attacked him furiously with infantry and artillery. Loring's division of this rebel force, with a brigade of cavalry under Martin, attempted to flank Howard, by dashing across an open field into a patch of woods on his right, and almost succeeded. This rebel column was, however, repulsed by Logan. This was at two o'clock P.M. The battle lasted till five, no artillery being used by Howard, and very little by Stewart. Our forces had the advantage, as the enemy was wholly unprotected. Logan lost about 1500 men.

Sherman's position at last advices was such that he invested the city on the north and west especially, having it in his power to throw a large force forward to the west or east as he might choose. The Fourteenth Corps rested on the Chattanooga Railroad, three miles north of the city.

On the 26th of July General Stoneman, with between three and four thousand men, commanded by General M‘Cook, set out on an expedition against the Macon Road. Eighteen miles of the road were destroyed, and a large wagon-train going from Atlanta was captured. M‘Cook's men, partaking too freely of whisky taken on the train, were attacked on their return by a superior force under General Ransom, and more than half of the entire command was captured, Gen. Stoneman included. M‘Cook made his escape. Many large fires have recently taken place in Atlanta.

General Hunter has been superseded by General Sheridan in the Department of Washington and the Shenandoah. The rebels have appeared in large force at various points along the Potomac, and it has seemed to many that Early was contemplating a movement on Wheeling, and thence into Ohio. What seems most probable is that all the movements for the past few weeks have been diversions to cover their main object, which is to secure the harvests of the Shenandoah. This is no evidence, however, that they will not in future, and perhaps very soon, attempt an invasion of the Northern States in greater force than hitherto. General Grant visited Hunter at his head-quarters near Monocacy Junction July 5. General Averill had, at the latest reports, fought M‘Causland and Bradley Johnson at Moorfield, defeating them and taking 500 prisoners.

The prisoners on both sides which have been held under fire at Charleston were exchanged on the 4th inst. An effort is being made by the rebel authorities to make Charleston the future exchange point for all prisoners of war.

The United States steamer *Fulton* arrived at this port, August 9, from Port Royal, having on board the fifty-five released officers whom the rebels had held imprisoned in Charleston under our fire. The retaliatory measure adopted by the Government was perfectly successful. The exchange was carried on in the most satisfactory manner. The rebel officers, fifty in number, never having been fairly exposed to the fire from the rebel forts, were on the 3d conveyed in the *Cosmopolitan* to a point off Sullivan's Island, where they were met by another vessel, the *Chesterfield*, having on board the Federal officers. Having crossed the bar in the *Cosmopolitan* on their return, the Federal officers were invited to dine with Major-General Sickles on board the *Admiral*, an invitation which most of them accepted. We shall give next week a very interesting sketch of the head-quarters assigned to our officers during their stay in Charleston. It will convey to our readers some idea of the desolation which has visited that once proud and prosperous city.

The most cheering news of the week is that which comes to us from the Gulf. On Friday, August 5, Admiral Farragut with his fleet attacked the defenses of Mobile and the rebel fleet in Mobile Bay. The report is from the rebel General Maury. He states that on the 5th Admiral Farragut with seventeen vessels—fourteen gun-boats and three Monitors—passed Fort Morgan. The Monitor *Tecumseh* was sunk by the guns of the fort. The rebel ram *Tennessee* surrendered after a desperate engagement, in which Admiral Buchanan lost his leg and was taken prisoner. Another rebel steamer, the *Selma*, was captured. Still another, the *Gaines*, was beached. The Federal fleet had approached the city. We give herewith a Map showing Mobile Bay, the City, and its defenses. The numbers on the map indicate the depth of water in various parts of the channel.

It is believed that there are over 3000 bushwhackers on the north side of the Missouri River. If this be true, the task of killing or expelling such a formidable body of thieves and murderers will be a huge one. The last heard of Anderson's gang, who are reported to have done the damage on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, they were at Middle Grove, Monroe County, and were supposed to be pushing on toward Chariton County. Five hundred Federal cavalry are in pursuit of them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MEXICO.

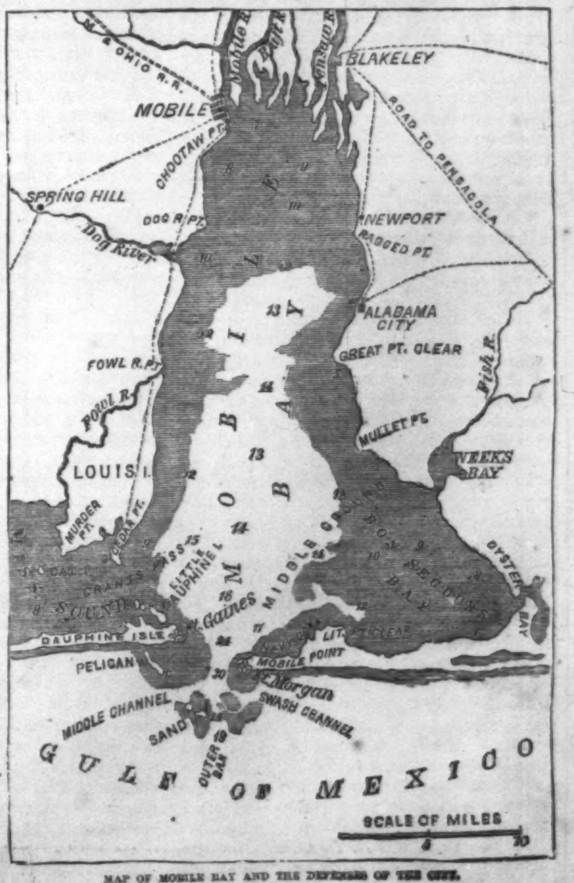
It appears from advices which have been coming by every mail from Havana lately that Maximilian's empire is not peacefully recognized by the Liberals. Thus by the news of the 23d of July we hear that the Imperialists have been attacked about three miles from San Martin by a force of about 500 Juarists. Maximilian has granted an amnesty to all prisoners whose offenses were strictly political; this, however, does not extend to parties in armed opposition.

EUROPE.

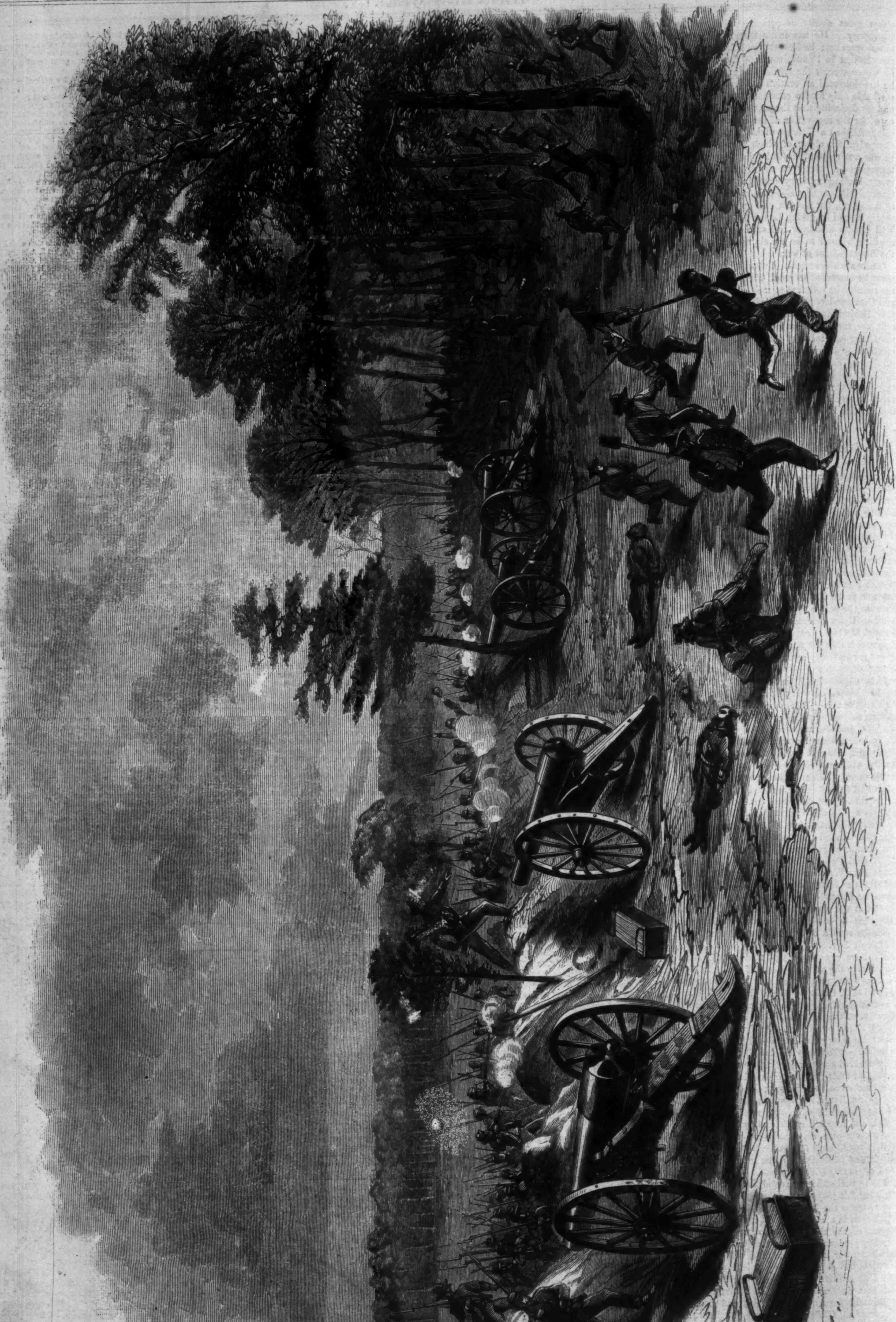
On July 18 a deputation of factory operatives representing Manchester, Stockport, Preston, Oldham, Macclesfield, and other English manufacturing towns, waited by appointment upon Earl Russell at the Foreign Office for the purpose of presenting to his lordship a petition for the intervention of the British Government in the American war, signed by upward of 90,000 persons engaged in the cotton manufacture. The plea was made to rest, first, on the suffering of the petitioners from the war; and, secondly, the hopelessness of the attempt on the part of the North to subdue the Southern States. Moreover, the deputation begged to submit "that in the opinion of the vast majority of the people of the cotton districts, the Southern States, as well by superior force of arms as by the manifestation of the highest capacity for self-government, had entitled themselves to recognition as an independent Power."

After listening to the deputation, his lordship expressed his admiration at the conduct of the operatives, his sympathy with them in their unavoidable sufferings, and his earnest desire that the time would speedily arrive when the Government might, with good effect, offer to mediate between the contending parties.

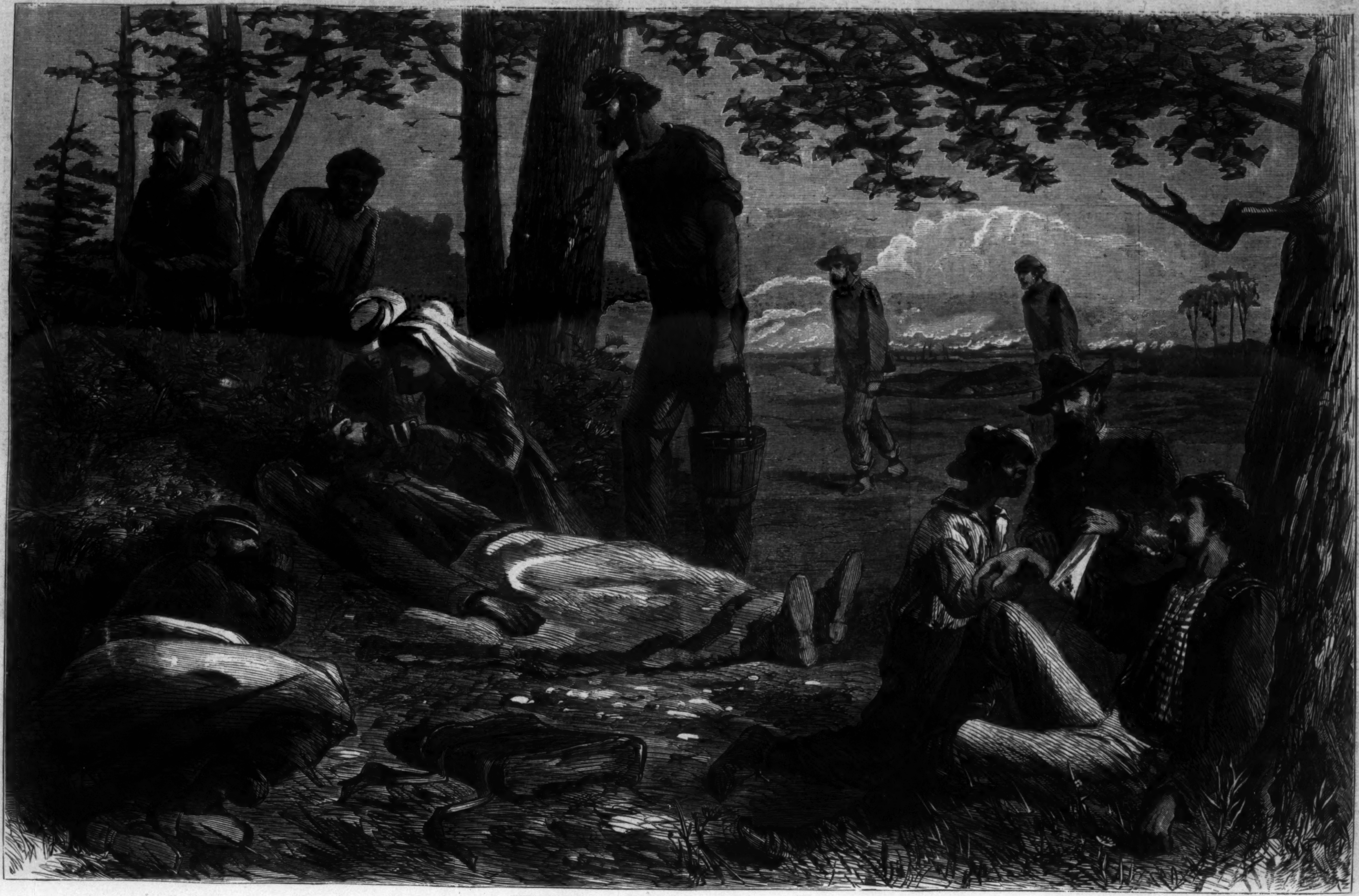
A meeting composed of eminent men of all parties was held at Geneva July 9. Enthusiastic speeches were made, giving moral support and encouragement to the American Union in its war against slavery. An address was drawn up to be sent to the people of the United States. This address recognizes a federal unity as at the basis of the American Constitution. It refers back to similar periods of intestine strife in her Helvetian history, and it concludes with the following sentiment: "The struggle has commenced between the two principles—Liberty and Slavery. The consignee of victory must be the abolition of slavery forever and every where. Hail Liberty! Hail Republic of the United States!" To this address Secretary Seward has made an appropriate reply.



MAP OF MOBILE BAY AND THE DEFENSES OF THE CITY.



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF FOUR TWENTY-POUND PARROTT GUNS BY MILES'S BRIGADE, BARLOW'S DIVISION, July 27, 1864.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See First Page.]



THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION IN THE FIELD.—[SEE PAGE 534.]

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

On page 533 we give an illustration representing THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE. There is no feature connected with the war which so well illustrates the peculiarity of Republican institutions as the work performed by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. These are supported not by the Government, but by the people. As our Government is of the people, so is this war the people's war. And the people have taken it upon themselves to take care of the soldiers. This is a peculiarity which distinguishes the North from the South in the conduct of the war. It is on this account that the losses from sickness, and especially from wounds, have been so few in our army as compared with that of the rebels.

Says the Richmond *Enquirer* of August 3, alluding to our advantages over the rebels in cannon and ships and otherwise: "Their dietetic and sanitary systems have saved them thousands of soldiers who would have died upon the coarse fare of the military hospital. Preserved fruits, dessicated vegetables, solidified milk, the condensed nutriment of meat, the concentrated essence of tea and coffee, wines, and pure spirits, accompany the hospital every where. Ices and cordials refresh, patent ambulances, spring beds, and hair mattresses solace the sick and the wounded. When the field hospitals beyond the Appomattox suffered for water a canal was cut and steam pumps put up, and an abundant supply was furnished."

This service likewise has its sacrifices and its martyrs. Thousands of Christian men and women are giving up the pleasures of home, and it often happens that they give their lives also. Soldiers' wives work in the hospital while their husbands fight on the field. While BARLOW is taking cannon at Deep Bottom, his wife dies in Washington of fever contracted in the hospital. While M'PHERSON falls before Atlanta, Professor HADLEY dies in New York, worn out with weariness by long weeks of exposure and fatigue suffered for the soldier's sake.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WILD WOMAN.

WHAT was she to do? Try another pawnshop? She had no passport. They must have papers. It was the law, it seemed. But how did people get papers? Were they born with papers? Should she go back to the goldsmiths on the Quai and try them once more? Alas! of what avail would that be? She would receive only the same answers, the same rebuffs. Was there no one in this enormous city of Paris who would purchase a gewgaw from a poor child who wanted to run away? She had heard of a place called the Temple. She had read of it, too, and Madame de Kergolay had talked to her about it hundreds of times as the site of that old donjon keep where the Martyr King and his queen had lain in captivity, and where the poor little Dauphin had been handed over to the cobbler Simon, to be slowly tortured to death. The donjon keep was pulled down now, and the Temple was a place where they bought and sold every thing. Should she ask her way there? But she knew that she would have to pass close to the Marais; and an indefinable terror forbade her to retrace her footsteps.

She came, suddenly, in the middle of the pavement, on a marchand d'habits—an old-clothesman. No Jew was he. In Paris Christians do not disdain to carry the bag, and wear the three hats. This fellow was a Marseillais, swarthy and bright-eyed, with a head of tufted black hair, dazzling white teeth, and ear-rings. He had two umbrellas beneath one arm, and a cavalry sabre beneath the other, a cocked-hat in one hand besides the three on his head, a pair of patent-leather boots tucked in his waistband, and any number of loose garments flying all abroad about him: besides his bulging bag.

"Troun de l'air!" cried the marchand d'habits when he saw Lily, "what a pretty girl!"

"Will you buy a locket?" said the girl, shrinking from the man's bold gaze, and holding out the trinket in her little trembling hand. She was desperate now. She would have had courage to ask the statue of Henry the Fourth on the Pont Neuf if he would buy a locket.

"Carragoui de zeval," exclaimed the Marseillais in return, "I am not a jeweler. What do you want for your little breloque, mon anze zérie?"

"A hundred francs," replied Lily, half choking.

"Masoulipatam!" shouted the marchand d'habits, who seemed to possess an inexhaustible arsenal of strange execrations. "Veux-tou mi rouiner? Ma, I will be generous. Ze souis Chrétien, moi, et pas oune Zouif. Twelve francs fifty centimes for your locket."

"No," cried Lily, passionately. She could have strangled the man.

"Quesaco! crrricuicoui!" continued the Marseillais. "Don't fly into a temper. I don't buy jewelry on fête-days. Come and breakfast with me. Allons manzer, allons boire!" And the eyes of the old-clothesman sparkled like unto live coals.

Lily drew her shawl about her, and, spurning his offer, walked indignantly away.

"Pif de Pilate!" the Marseillais muttered, looking after her, "z'est oune zentille petite fillette za. Never mind. I shall dance at the Barrière du Trône to-night. Marchand d'hab-i-i-i-its." And with his lugubrious and long-drawn-out chant, his bag and his bright eyes, the old-clothesman went on his way. They were magnificent eyes, only he had spoiled them by a habit of squinting, contracted through the endeavor to glance at the first floor windows on both sides of the street at once, to see whether the occupants had any old clothes to sell.

Twelve francs fifty for her locket! The villains. The wicked, wicked, hard-hearted people, she thought. Had she had time she could have sat down on a door-step, covered her face with her shawl, and cried her eyes out. But it was with her as with the Wandering Jew, "Onward! Onward!"

She remembered that she was not yet quite destitute. Her breakfast paid for, she was still the possessor of between eighteen and nineteen francs. That would carry her some distance toward her destination—support her for some days, she thought. And then she would beg. *She* beg! Perhaps there were cottages on the road where the people were kind and would give her bread and milk, and allow her to sleep on the straw in their barns. She would have nothing more to do with this cruel and pitiless Paris. She would begin her journey at once. How it was to be prosecuted she had not the slightest idea. She knew she had to reach the coast and to cross the sea: that was all.

The Marseillais marchand d'habits had told her, the *rascal!* that he never bought jewelry on fête-days. Once or twice before in the course of that weary morning's travel she had heard about the festivals. At the pawnbroker's they had bidden her to be quick, for they were about to close. The poor, it seems, must pawn even on the morning of a holiday, so the commissaire-priseur opened his doors for an hour or two before the business of pleasure began.

Lily saw that there were a great many more people about this morning than on ordinary days; that many of the shops, and nearly all those of a superior class, were closed; that the humbler sort of people mostly wore clean blouses, and the grisettes clean caps; that the students of the School of St. Cyr were abroad in their holiday clothes; that the soldiers of the garrison looked unusually spruce and burnished up; and that the very sergents de ville had waxed their mustaches and given their sword-hilts an extra polish. There were a good many flowers about; from many of the windows hung banners and streamers; and in front of every public building rose great black triangular stages, like monstrous but truncated ladders, supporting on their many rungs pipkins full of oil and tallow, in which were huge cotton wicks. These were the lampions for the illuminations at night.

Then Lily all at once remembered that this was the twenty-seventh of July, and that Madame de Kergolay had told her that on the twenty-seventh, the twenty-eighth, and the twenty-ninth of that month, in every year, the official gala-days known as the Fêtes of July were held. "They are to celebrate the democratic revolution of July, 1830," the old lady would say, disdainfully; "the revolution so adroitly discounted in their own favor by M. le Duc d'Orleans and the banker Lafitte. It is an official celebration, strictly a government affair, my child, and the maskings and mummeries and tight-rope dancing are all paid for out of the public treasury. The people have nothing to do with it—absolutely nothing. The only holiday which lives in their memories and in their hearts is the Fête de St. Louis."

Thus Madame de Kergolay; and Lily had, of course, implicitly believed her. But she could not help thinking now, as she watched the gayly dressed and laughing throngs hurrying past, that, if the Fête of St. Louis were in their hearts, the lights of the Fêtes of July shone uncommonly bright in their faces. Every one looked happy; every body *must* be happy, thought the poor little outcast runaway, her sad heart sinking within her at the sight of the smiles and the joyous faces. She little knew that among that laughing concourse there were numbers upon numbers ten thousand times more miserable than she.

It was good that she should not know it. It would not have consoled her. She had not yet arrived at that age when "there is something not absolutely disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our dearest friends." The wretcheder she was herself—being, as you know, young and silly, and not at all a woman of the world—the readier she was to sympathize with sorrow. She was but a little fool at the best, but she never grew out of *that* folly.

So it was a grand holiday, a very grand holiday. The government liked to encourage holidays; it made the people feel light and pleasant, and saved them from getting the headache over those stupid newspapers. On the third, and grandest day of the fêtes, the newspapers were not published at all: another thing which the government liked dearly. A good government, a paternal government, a light-hearted government; it rejoiced to see the hard-worked editors and reporters strolling in the Elysian Fields, dining at the Café Anglais, or dancing at the Chaumière—even if they danced that naughty cancan—instead of muddling their brains in the composition of prosy leading articles, or wearing their fingers to the bone in taking crabbed short-hand notes of the long-winded debates of the Chambers. "Enjoy yourselves, my children," cried this good government. "In these last days of July let us sing a Te Deum for fine weather, an abundant crop of strawberries, and the possession of so beneficent a sovereign as that dear old gentleman with the umbrella at the Tuileries yonder. See: he wears a tricolored cockade, the emblem of Liberty, in his hat. Is that not good of him? Let us celebrate the feast of the Patriots of July. What glorious fellows they were! Shout! How nobly they fought. Fire the cannon! How heroically they died. Drub the double drums! How very soundly they sleep in the vaults under the column in the Place de la Bastille. Let us drink all their healths, and inscribe all their names, even to the humblest blouse-wearer, in golden letters on the marble plinth. As for the patriots of to-day, they are a pack of sulky disagreeable grumblers, mere spoil-sports and trouble-fêtes, and, lest they should mar the bright sunshine of our holiday, we have put them away in the casemates of Belle Isle, and Mont St. Michel, and Doullens, and turned a big key on them. Soldiers! bring your muskets to the 'ready,' and, bombardiers, keep your matches lighted. This is a fête-day. Every body is to enjoy himself under pain of immediate arrest. Eat, drink, and be merry, my children. Go to the play for nothing. See the illuminations, and the fire-works, and the water-jousts, for nothing; meanwhile we, who are your parents and best friends, will govern you, and look after all your little affairs at home and abroad. Tiens! that birchen rod of ours is getting a little limp. Excuse us if we use one of iron."

So spoke the Government of July, thinking it was to last forever; but it, and its dynasty, and its festivals, and all its pretty little winning ways, are dead and gone, and well-nigh effaced from the memory of man.

For aught Lily knew the gay doings might be in honor of the birthday of King Louis Philippe, or the birthday of Monsieur Lafitte the banker. To her mind the revolution of 1830 conveyed but a very dim and meagre impression. Once, when Mademoiselle Espremenil, who was an Orleanist, told her that three hundred patriots were killed on the Place du Carrousel fighting against the Swiss guard, she exclaimed, "How very wicked of them to fight against the king's soldiers!" and was called nigaude, and made to copy out the third chapter of Télémaque for her pains. She had never gone outside the doors of the Pension Marcassin at the time of the celebration of the fêtes during the whole of her incarceration in that penitentiary. The other girls had given her, from time to time, glowing accounts of what they had seen during the three glorious days; but to Lily those were only fairy tales and fables, as beautiful but as unreal as any in the Arabian Nights.

Now she was privileged—by her own act and deed at least—to see the grand sight, for a momentary peep at which, even, she had often thirsted, and to wander at will among the merry-makers. But she fled from it all as though it had been a pestilence. She was afraid. While the day lasted, she thought, it would be folly, it would be madness, to venture into the Elysian Fields, where all the world of Paris would be out walking. No, no: that place was to be avoided at all hazards. Still she had an irresistible craving to see something of the brave show before she commenced her flight to England in good earnest. She would wait until sunset, she thought—until nearly dusk. Then the crowd would be denser, and the quieter sort of folks gone home, and she might mingle with the throng unnoticed and unrecognized.

Now lagging, now hurrying through a tortuous maze of streets, she came all at once into the great garish Rue de Rivoli, and saw the Tuileries Gardens and the Place de la Concorde one vast Lake of Pleasure, covered with Islands of Delight, blazing in the sun. She turned from the dangerous open and fled. Ascending the Rue St. Honoré she ventured to cross it before she reached the Palais Royal, and even got safe over the upper part of the Rue de Rivoli into the dismal little labyrinth of by-lanes, full of sellers of old prints, and older curiosities, technically known as the Pâté du Louvre, and which had grown up, a fungus, between the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries. To her relief she managed to gain the Quai: not that where the old gold-dealers live, but that which fronts the Long Gallery. She crossed the Pont Royal as timorously as a little mouse seeking a fresh hole, and, diving down the Rue du Bac, was glad to lose herself in a fresh labyrinth of little streets.

She found out, perhaps, the dimmest little cabinet de lecture, or reading-room, that ever was groped for, and at last discovered, in the dimmest portion of old Paris. It seemed to Lily not much bigger in size than the cage of a good-sized macaw, and was very dark and gloomy, and so suited her admirably. The old maiden lady who kept this abode of literature had read herself more than three parts blind with bad novels, and was so deeply immersed in one of the admired works of Monsieur Horace St. Aubin, that, when Lily entered, she could barely find time to extend her hand for five sous—the regulation price of admission to the Cabinet of the Muses.

All the people who frequented the reading-room were old—as old as the visitors whom Madame de Kergolay received, but of a shabbier and more dilapidated type. They seemed to be tumbling to pieces with sheer antiquity, both in their bodies and their garments, and to be only kept together by means of stays, and braces, and pins, and buttons, and hooks, the horns of spectacles, the springs of false teeth, and the elastic bands of wigs. There never was such a rickety congregation. Ague, paralysis, neuralgia, and sciatica, seemed to have gotten hold of the furniture as well as the patrons of the establishment; and every thing tottered and shook and trembled and creaked. As Lily walked up the room, and chose the darkest corner, the very boards yielded beneath her tread and sent up little clouds of dust, giving to her ankles a wreathed appearance, as though she had been a young Mercury.

There was a tall old gentleman who came to the Cabinet, not to read, but to sleep. It could not be said precisely that he snored, but the air about him seemed to be haunted by the spirit of a defunct trombone. And it was a spirit seemingly in pain.

There was a little old lady who represented a prodigious cap, a large pair of green goggles, a red plaid shawl, and nothing else. Her face seemed to have gone out of town, and to have left a P.P.C. card over the spectacles, on which some one had sketched the lineaments of a death's head; but sketched them very faintly. And most of the time even this was a fact which you were not enabled to ascertain with any degree of certainty, as the little old lady usually kept a copy of the *Gazette de France* before her, never turning over the pages; and under those circumstances she was only so much newspaper, and so much shawl.

Over against Lily there sat an ancient personage of the male sex, lean and long as Don Quixote, and wearing a night-cap under his hat. He had a long green cloak with a rabbit's skin collar; and under this cloak he fondled and cherished a diminutive dog of, apparently, the turnspit breed. There was a very strict prohibition against the introduction of dogs to the Cabinet in a notice hung up at the entrance. But the old gentleman had very probably been offending against the regulations for the last fifty years. He was the senior, the doyen of the customers. Those who surrounded him were too old and feeble to resent his malfeasance, and the lady at the counter was too much engrossed by Monsieur Horace St. Aubin to take notice of any thing outside her book. Still the old man in the cloak was not exempt from occasional twinges of conscience. The little dog was generally very quiet, but, from time to time, feeling bored probably, he would poke his nose from beneath the folds of the mantle with a sharp yap, or a plaintive whine. And then Lily would hear the lean old man whispering in great trepidation to the refractory turnspit: "Hush, for Heaven's sake, Lindor! De la sagesse, mon ami—de la sagesse, Lindor; remember what a risk I am running for thee. Je t'implore, Lindor, de ne pas me compromettre. I entreat thee, Lindor, not to compromise me." Once the lean old man caught Lily looking at him. The turnspit had been very restless. The old man covered its tiny muzzle with both his white trembling hands, and cast toward Lily a look at once so piteous and so supplicating that the girl felt half inclined to laugh and half to cry.

She staid here, reading newspapers out of date and dog's-eared romances, which excited, for two reasons, her special wonder: first, as to whoever could have written them; and next, whoever could have read them before her. That they had been diligently conned, however, and to some purpose, was evident; for the edges were yellow and shiny with much thumbing, and many pages were blistered with long dried-up tears.

They were all full of love; but it was not the kind of love that Lily could comprehend, with which she could sympathize, or from which she could derive any consolation. Silly girl, she was quite raw and ignorant. She had not yet learned to take her heart to pieces and put it together again, like a map puzzle. She had not acquired the art of preserving her passion, and boiling it down, and putting plenty of sugar to it, and spreading it on paper, as jam is spread upon bread. Lamentable little dunce! She was yet at the A B C of the great alphabet, which, being learned, after infinite wailings and canings, only teaches us to spell the words Disappointment and Despair. She was quite a novice in the cosmography of the Pays du Tendre. Had Lily been asked to write a love-letter it would have begun with "I love," and it would have ended with "I love," and there would have been nothing else, except blots, which are the blushes of manuscript. I have known people who punctuated their protestations of affection. They must have been very much in love indeed.

Here she lingered until the day was declining. She went out at last (the mistress of the place never heeding her), and she left the old folks there, doddering and coughing feebly in their chairs. Those who are alive, and the oldest folks always seem to last the longest, may be there, doddering and choking to this day.

Into the broad streets, and on to the broader quay, and over another bridge; but this time it was the Pont de la Concorde, and they were beginning to light up the lampions in front of the Chamber of Deputies. Then she was in the vast Place, by the side of the Luxor obelisk. She could resist it no longer. She was beyond the control of reason. She was bewildered—fascinated. Come what may, she must see the sight.

So she sped by the spouting fountains, and entered upon the enormous avenue of the Elysian Fields. The sight almost took away her breath. It was wonderful. Two huge open-air theatres, within whose vast prosceniums whole regiments of red-legged soldiers were engaged in deadly combat with white-burnoused Arabs. They fired off real guns and real howitzers. Real horses galloped on to the stage, not at all alarmed by the noise, whereas the very smell of the powder almost frightened Lily out of her wits.

But the theatres were only a drop of water in the sea. There were Punches by the score. There were Marionettes. There were greasy poles up which adventurous gymnasts climbed, intent on reaching the silver watches, spoons, and mugs—no vulgar legs of mutton here!—suspended to a hoop at the summit. What shouting and clapping of hands when a climber, his strained fingers within an inch of the coveted prize, found the treacherous surface beneath at length too much for him, and so slid down to the bottom again, defeated and fat-begrimed.

There were merry-go-rounds. There were targets at which you could fire au blanc, and if you struck the bull's-eye found a plaster figure of the Emperor Napoleon arise, like a jack-in-a-box. Ninepins; spring top; roulette playing for macaroons; jugglers; acrobats; rope-dancers; dancing dogs and monkeys; a camel; a bear that beat a tambourine; a goat that danced at the bidding of a gipsy woman dressed up as Esmeralda; a dog that, being desired to name the greatest rogue in company, walked straight up to his master, wagged his tail, and barked an unmistakable "This is he;" several other dogs, with cocked-hats tied under their chins, military coats, and frilled pantaloons, who performed gavottes, looking most mournful the while; a camel, on whose head a little boy executed a saraband; every thing, in short, that was wonderful, and strange, and delightful.

Booths where gingerbread was sold—brown, sticky-looking, shiny gingerbread, like Moorish faces on a very hot day, and with great white oval almonds in them, like eyes; booths where sweetmeats were dispensed; where fruit and fried potatoes, hot pie-crust—the famous galette—and gauffre cakes were to be had—all these abounded. And shrilly sounded above the myriad noises of the throng, and was audible even in the intervals of blank cartridge firing, the voice of the man who sold cocoa. "A la fraiche! à la fraiche!" he cried. A little round tower, with crenelated top bristling with many-colored flags, and hung with gay tinkling bells, was strapped to his back. Beneath his arm passed the brass pipe and tap from which he frothed his cool but mawkish beverage. Around his body was slung a wooden cestus, and thick hanging from it a store of goblets of burnished tin that shone as bright as silver. Still cried he, "A la fraiche! à la fraiche!" his bells tinkling and his flags waving through the jostling mass.

There were no dandies here, no leaders of fashion, no eye-glass wearers, no fan-twirlers. You might look around in vain for gold watch-chains, for varnished boots, for bright bonnets, or for robes of silk. This was the People's festival; and they, the People, pure and simple, were here in force. This was one of the three days in the year when Jacques Bonhomme was in his glory, and had the best of it. He might come in a clean blouse, or in a dirty blouse, or in his shirt-sleeves; but he was welcome to the show for nothing. So many hundred thousands of francs were set aside every year to amuse him, and to buy him toys, and to make him forget his rights. He forgot them for the nonce; but the paternal government who turned showman on Jacques's behalf found it impossible to make of the whole year one long July, and to have a festival every day. The result of which solution of continuity was, that when it wasn't July, and there were no fire-works, dancing dogs, and open-air theatres, and work was scarce and bread dear, Jacques Bonhomme would turn on the paternal government, suddenly remember his rights, and rend his rulers in pieces.

Lily thought it very kind indeed of the good gentlemen, whoever they were, who had provided this sumptuous spectacle, and charged nothing for it. She had a vague idea, from some staring placards she had read on the walls, that the Prefect of the Department of the Seine had something to do with this grand merry-making. He must be a very good man, she thought. Perhaps it was *his* birthday.

She had eaten and drunk nothing since breakfast; so, calling to mind that she was hungry, she dined frugally on two sous' worth of gingerbread and an apple. She had even the hardihood to stop one of the men who wore the round towers strapped on their backs, and, accosting him as "Monsieur," asked him for a glass of cocoa.

The particular merchant she chanced to patronize displayed considerable splendor in the fittings of his establishment. His round tower was covered with crimson cotton velvet, hooped with gilt foil paper, and embowered in his flags was a little brazen eagle with outstretched wings.

He frothed up the cocoa so for Lily that the beading bubbles on the rim sparkled in the evening sun like diamonds, and presented her the goblet with an air.

"Drink," he said, "belle dame. It is the nectar of the gods."

It wasn't any thing of the sort. It was merely so much Spanish liquorice boiled down with a little sarsaparilla; but the merchant had such a winning way with him that had he asseverated that the Nabob of Arcot's diamond was dissolved in his cocoa he might have found those to believe him.

"How much, monsieur?" asked Lily, when she had drunk.

"To you," the merchant replied, with a bow and a flourish, "one sou. A pint of cocoa and a quart of froth, all for five centimes."

Lily paid him. Straightway he whisked out a napkin which hung from his cestus, gave the goblet an extra polish, frothed it again, and handed it to Lily.

"Drink again, belle dame," he said. "For this I charge nothing. It is my humble offering to youth and beauty. And I declare that had not my family, through political misfortunes, supped deeply of misery, and were not my old grandmother, là-bas, down yonder in la Sologne in misery, sur la paille, I would have made you pay nothing for the first."

Although the girl's thirst was assuaged she did not like to offend the hospitable merchant, and so half emptied the goblet he offered her. Then she thanked him and courtesied, and turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

"I salute you," cried he of the round tower, looking after her retreating figure. "Belle dame, I am at your feet. Pauvre petite," he continued, polishing up his cups, "she is too young and too pretty to be wandering in this tohubohu quite alone. But, bah! she is safer here than on the Boulevard of the Italiens. The blouses will do her no harm. A la fraiche! faites-vous servir! à la fraiche!" and he went on his way, jangling his cups and tinkling his bells.

It was nearly eight o'clock, but bright and mellow daylight yet. Lily had been struggling against temptation for a long time, but she could now resist it no longer. She had never seen one before in her life. She must go inside and see one—a show.

No, not the educated seal, the pictured resemblance of the monster on the cartoon outside the booth, where he resided, terrified her. Not the Oriental menagerie either: the roaring she could hear through the canvas, the squeals and yelps as the keeper plied his switch, and the acrid odor peculiar to wild beast shows appalled her more than the terrific paintings, much larger than life, of the panther of Java, the gigantic baboon of Sumatra, the hyena of Abyssinia, the crocodile of the Nile, and the boa constrictor of Seringapatam, by means of which the enterprising proprietor of the Oriental menagerie strove to attract patronage. The grand concourse of the combat of animals, where a wretched old white horse was to be baited by sundry mastiffs, she likewise avoided.

But the wax-work show! the royal and imperial exhibition of wax-work of Signor Ventimillioni (from Milan), she *must* see that. It cost ten sous to see this show, but Lily paid them.

Signor Ventimillioni himself took her half franc. He was a tall, sallow man, with a coal-black beard, and wore a velvet waistcoat of Scotch plaid, but was otherwise attired as a Roman emperor. He stared very long and very impudently at Lily. What was there about the child that every one stared at her so?

She drew aside a curtain that veiled the entrance and entered. She started back with a shriek at the first object she saw. It was a colossal gendarme in a monstrous cocked-hat and jack-boots. His face, fringed with huge peaked mustaches and chin-tuft, was pale as death. His eyes glared horribly with a fixed and stony gaze. In one gauntleted hand he brandished a gleaming sabre. He looked like one of those ominous officers of the Convention Lily had seen in pictures, who came to conduct Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. He had come at last to take her, she thought, shrinking in her inmost soul. She was to be arrested for running away, and trying to sell her locket!

"You little imbecile," cried a fat cattle-dealer from Poissy, who had followed close on her heels, and giving her as he spoke a slight push with his umbrella, "you foolish child, don't you see that ce cuistre à ceinture jaune is only wax-work?"

The cattle-dealer had paid his ten sous before, and often, and knew the ways of men and wax-work shows. He was chuckling at his penetration, when the voice of Signor Ventimillioni was heard in a shrill treble, frantically shrieking:

"Les armes et less parapluies sont déposés à la porte—weapons and umbrellas must be left at the door. Advance, messieurs et mesdames. Advance, I supplicate you."

The cattle-dealer turned back, grumbling, to give up his gingham; but Lily advanced. The show soon made her feel very faint. It smelt oppressively of lukewarm wax, and saw-dust, and old clothes. Apart from the good King Henry the Fourth, Monsieur de Voltaire, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Sir Hudson Lowe (who was aptly represented in a yellow cloak lined with leopard's skin, the well-known uniform of general officers in the British army), the collection was mainly composed of eminent murderers. Louvet was there, holding, of course, the identical poniard with which he slew the Duke of Berry. Next him Avril, and Lacenaire, who with a bottle of Chambertin before him was represented as absorbed in the composition of a sonnet. Fieschi with his arm shattered and his face all dabbled with blood; the personages in the Affair Fualdès, playing boston at a gory card-table; Pontis de Sainte-Helène in the fetters and red night-cap of a Toulon galley-slave; the Bergère d'Ivry—for there were victims here as well as assassins—with her throat cut, and the Courier of Lyons with a bullet through his head. Horror!

"Call that Madame Lafarge?" the cattle-dealer from Poissy was heard to murmur as he halted before the effigy of a fashionably-dressed lady wearing a white chip bonnet and a black lace veil. "It is an infamy, an imposture! Je te reconnais, coquine. Thou hast not been to the fair of Poissy for nothing. Two years since thou wert Charlotte Corday; last July thou wert the Duchess of Berry previous to her betrayal by the Jew Deubz; and now, affublée d'un nouveau cotillon, and that gimcrack bonnet on thy head, thou must pass, forsooth, for the Veuve Lafarge, née Marie Capelle. C'est une supercherie inouïe. I demand my money back. I have a great mind to beat thy waxen head off, fraudulent puppet." It was evident that the confiscation of his umbrella still rankled in the cattle-dealer's mind.

Forth again into the Babel of money-making went Lily. She had had enough of shows for the time. Where was she to pass the night? How shamefully she had loitered her time away! How recklessly she had been squandering her slender stock of money! But she could not muster up courage enough to flee the enchanted ground. It had a strange and deadly fascination for her, and, like a moth round a candle, she felt she must continue to hover about it: even to her destruction.

She absolutely, before it was quite dark, went to see another show. It is true that this was a humble spectacle, and only cost five sous. The attraction was a solitary one: there was but a wild woman to be seen.

"La femme sauvage—la femme sauvage!—the wild woman!" cried, with stentorian lungs, the orator, in a full suit of armor and a hussar's busby, from the platform in front of the booth. "The wild woman from Madagascar, the largest of the group known as the Inexorable Islands. Her name is Antannariva Zoraïde. The idolatrous practices of her ancestors she has abjured, and is a good Christian, wearing three medals blessed by le Saint Père the Pope, who sent to Rome for her expressly to bestow his patronage and benediction upon her; but she lives entirely on raw meat, and neither threats nor persuasion can induce her to wear stays. The wild woman! Ladies and gentlemen! This is her last appearance in France. Reconciled to her illustrious family, she leaves to-morrow morning for Madagascar by the Messageries Royales of Messrs. Lafitte and Caillard, stopping only at Lisbon, in order to be presented to the infants and infantas of the House of Braganza. The wild woman, messieurs les amateurs! Her disposition is amiable, and her tastes are artistic. She can lift a weight of one hundred and fifty kilogrammes with the little finger of her right hand, and suffer a pastille to burn to charcoal on the tip of her tongue. En avant for the wild woman. Admission only five sous, a reduction of eight hundred per cent. in consequence of la cherté des denrées—the high price of provisions. Nobody can enter without paying, but paying without entering is permitted by the civil and military authorities."

The crowd, who had been listening to this balderdash with a grin of bewildered complacency, burst into a roar of laughter at the concluding witticism. There was a press of sight-seers at once to the ladder. That prodigal little Lily, after gazing for a while at the violently chromatic portraits of the Wild Woman strangling a Tigress; the Wild Woman riding three wilder horses at once; the Wild Woman in the wilds of her native Madagascar, taking refuge in the branches of a banyan-tree from the pursuit of the hunters; the Wild Woman kissing the Pope's toe; the Wild Woman lifting ponderous weights, firing off pistols, and defeating the celebrated Monsieur Grisier in a fencing-match—after contemplating these astounding works of art, the desolate little girl wandered into the show, which was now lit by a hoop of flaring oil-lamps suspended from the centre pole of the tent, and took her seat with some twenty others on the last of a row of planks placed on trestles.

There was a little proscenium and a rude set-scene supposed to represent Madagascar. On the prompt side there was a screen, and on the O. P. sat a hump-backed man with a flageolet and a kettle-drum, the which he thumped and blew alternately.

But he tootled on this pipe and whanged the parchment so long that the audience grew impatient. It was surely more than time for the show to begin. Murmurs of "La femme sauvage! La femme sauvage!" began to be heard. "Eh marchez donc: faites voir vos trucs," was the next expression of the popular wish. The orator in full armor pushed his way through the auditory, climbed on to the stage, and disappeared behind the screen. Voices were now heard in angry contention; but still the Wild Woman failed to make her appearance.

There was the voice of a man, seemingly endeavoring to pacify an infuriated woman. The man's voice Lily recognized at once as that of the orator in chivalric panoply whom she had heard haranguing outside. The voice of the woman—Merciful Heavens! where had she heard those angry tones before? and why did they sound like a death-knell on her ear, and send a cold shiver through her heart?

At this conjuncture a gentleman in a blouse, affected perchance by the heat of the weather, or by inordinate libations of cocoa, and stung to desperation by the prolonged absence of the Wild Woman and the monotonous iteration of the flageolet and kettle-drum, cried out, "Attrape, Mayeux!" and flung a roasted apple at the orchestrant. Hit by the soddened pulp precisely on the nose, the hunchback uttered an unearthly yell, and rushed from the stage, shrieking, "A la garde! à la garde!"

The sound of something breaking—glass seemingly—was next heard, and a black bottle became visible, and rolled to the footlights. The gentleman who had flung the pomme cuite, and who occupied a front row, picked the bottle off the stage, smelled it, and exclaimed:

"Cognac! The Wild Woman must be en ribotte."

But the words had scarcely left his lips before the screen was violently dashed down, and a woman, thinly clad in a tawdry and absurd costume, made her appearance in the enforced company of the orator in armor. I say enforced; for, by one hand she held him by the hair of the head, while with the other she brandished aloft a three-legged stool, with which she was minded, apparently, to brain him.

The audience taking this to be a part of the performance, and, in fact, the prearranged entrée en scène of the Wild Woman, began to applaud vehemently; but the dolorous expostulations of the armor-clad orator soon undeceived them.

"Help, help!" he cried, in piteous accents; "ladies and gentlemen, I shall be murdered! This woman has taken too much cognac. She is mad. She will kill me!"

Suddenly the Wild Woman relaxed her grasp, flung the showman disdainfully on one side, and stood planted in the middle of the stage, her hands on her sides. Lily looked at her. She was a powerful woman, lithe and shapely, but of what age it was impossible to discover, through the paint and the sham tattoo-marks with which her face and arms were ruddled. For all apparel she wore a suit of fleshings, a blue gauze scarf, sandals, a spangled skirt which failed to reach to her knees, and a preposterous head-dress of Dutch metal and feathers.

But anon Lily became conscious that the Wild Woman was looking at her with a fierce, fixed, hungry gaze. There was something in her eyes that struck infinite horror and terror into her. And just as the Wild Woman made a step in advance, as though toward her, Lily started from her seat in affright, and rushed from the booth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterward was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed:

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?"

"So he is, ma'am; but *the cruther's not sensible of it.*"

A grammarian conjugated the increasing heat in somewhat the following style: "Hot, hotter, hottest; hottentot, hottentoter, hottentotest; hottentotissimo, hottentotissimus; hot as an oven, hot as two ovens, hot as four ovens, hot as seven ovens!" How comfortable to contemplate, this weather!

The following stanza, on the marriage of Reuben Wise with Martha Cheevis, is exceedingly well told and witty:

"At length she seized the proffered prize—
A happy one, believe us;
For matrimony made her Wise—
Before she was Miss Cheevis."

ETIQUETTE.

When your host's servant announces dinner jump up from your chair, cry out in a hearty manner, "Off we goes!" and rush down stairs.

On entering the dining-room lift up the different covers and choose your dish.

When making a call see that your boots are quite clean before going into the house. If they are not, take them off and request the servant to polish them before ascending to the drawing-room.

Always carry your hat into any room, and whirl it round and round on the handle of your stick or umbrella: this gives an air of unconcerned good-breeding while carrying on a conversation, and finds an occupation for your hands.

LATEST FROM "LE FOLLET."—The Sweetest Thing in Bonnets—The Ladies' Faces.

When may two persons be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

"THE WRETCH."—Tomkins, whose wife is desperately fond of the Opera, says she is like a very naughty boy, for she wants a box on each (y)ear.

Human nature is very easy to spell, but extremely difficult to *read*.

Why are ladies out shopping like birds that are long on the wing?—Because it is a considerable time before they settle on their purchase (perches).

"What! are you drunk again?" "No, my dear, not drunk, but a little slippery. The fact is, my dear, some scoundrel has been rubbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

BEER.—What's the difference between Bad Beer, Ginger Beer, and Good Beer?—They are respectively All Slop, All Pop, and All-sop.

A gentleman wishing, not long since, to "pop the question," took up the young lady's cat, and said, "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, "Say yes, pussy!"

A few nights ago a stalwart Boniface, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said of one of them, "He is the most regular man in Harwich; he comes here and gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for ten years, except when his mother died, and that time he came on the Sunday. It's a grand thing being punctual."

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Why is a sword like beer?—Because 'tis no use till 'tis drawn.

TWO ECONOMICAL DISHES FOR DINNER.—Two dishes with nothing on them.

Why is a young lady just left boarding-school like a building committee?—Because she is ready to receive proposals.

AN INSPIRING SIGHT FOR A GLAZIER.—The early day when it breaks through the windows.

A swell clerk from London, who was spending an evening in a country inn full of company, and feeling secure in the possession of most money, made the following offer: "I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The man who holds out the longest to have the whole and treat the company." "I'll do it," said a farmer. The swell dropped in half a sovereign. The countryman followed with a sixpence. "Go on," said the swell. "I won't," said the farmer; "take the whole, and treat the company."

An eminent barrister having a case sent to him for an opinion—the case being outrageously preposterous—replied, in answer to the question, "Would an action lie?" "Yes, if the witnesses would *lie* too, but not otherwise."

English tourists in Ireland soon discover that the length of Irish miles constantly recurs to their observation, eleven Irish miles being equal to about fourteen English. A stranger one day complained of the barbarous condition of the road in a particular district. "True," said a native, "but if the quality of it be rather infairior, we give good measure of it, anyhow."

While a country parson was preaching, the chief of his parishioners, sitting near the pulpit, was fast asleep; whereupon he said, "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great strait; for if I speak too softly those at the further end of the church can not hear me, and if I talk too loud I shall wake the chief man in the parish."

An old clergyman one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of his parishioners, in great agitation, exclaimed, "Why, my dear Sir, you have never told us one word of this before! what shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of this town!"

"The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, "was a young Transylvanian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and that he smoked it out before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its wants.'"

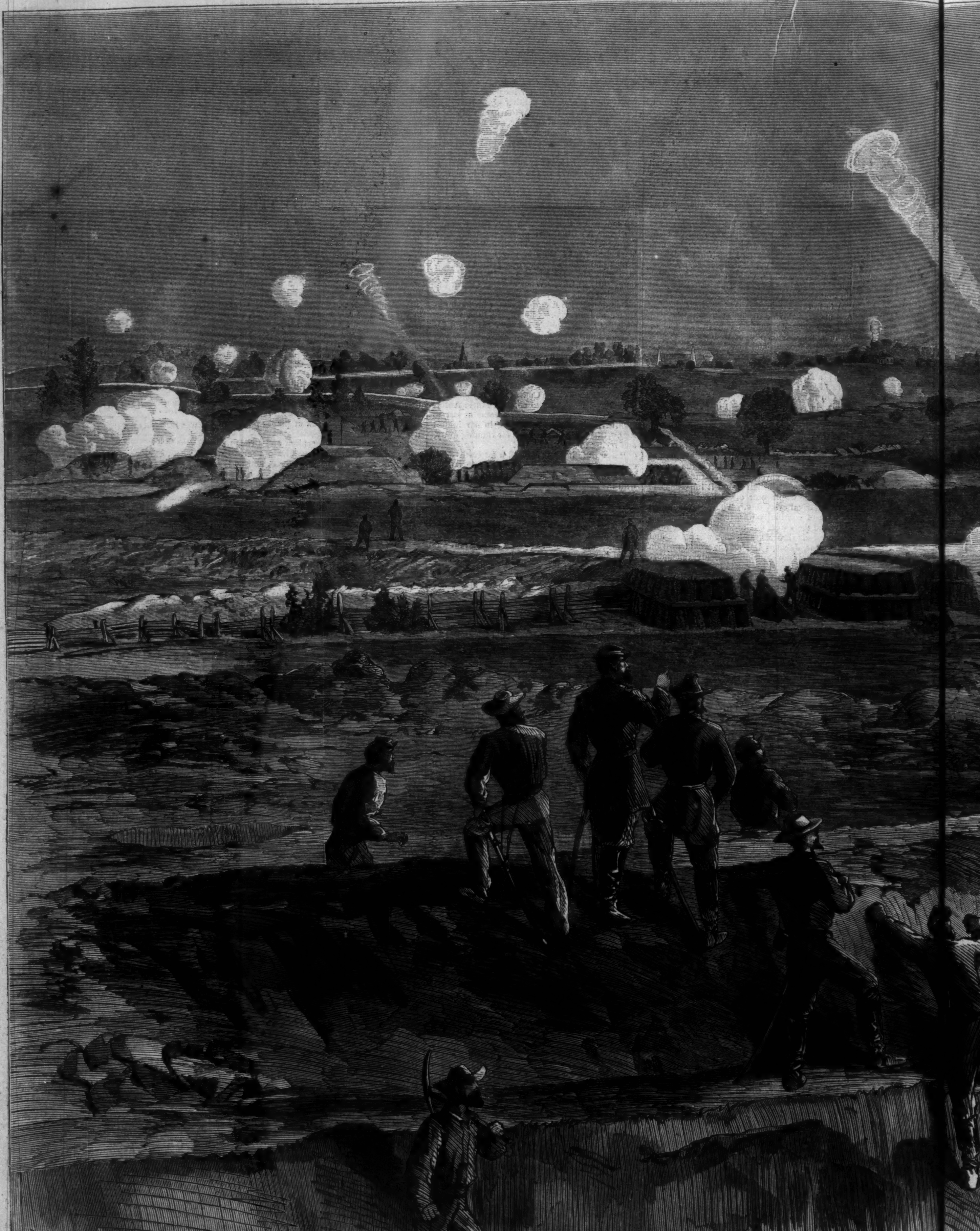
A lady who painted her face asked Parsons how he thought she looked. "I can't tell, madam," he replied, "except you uncover your face."

Two ladies who inhabit Wapping were having some words together on the pavement, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door, and exclaimed, "Hurry, mother, and call her a thief before she calls you one!"

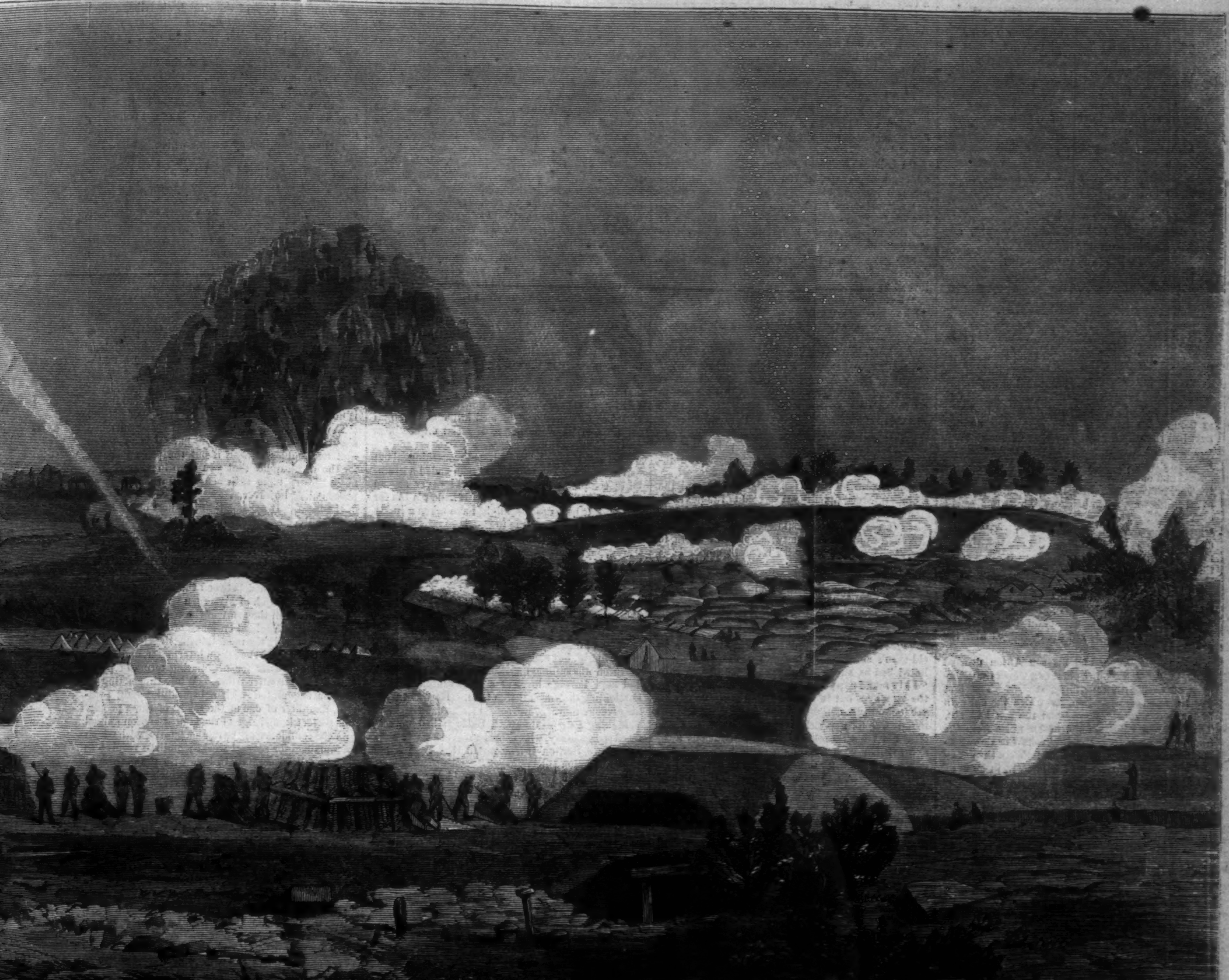
An Irishman charged with an assault was asked by the Judge whether he was guilty or not. "How can I tell," was the reply, "till I have heard the evidence?"

The best of friends fall out. Our teeth are no exception.

A melting sermon being preached in a country church, all fell a-weeping but one man, who being asked why he did not weep with the rest, said, "Oh no, I belong to another parish."



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AND ASSAULT ON CEMETERY



RY HILL, BEFORE PETERSBURG, July 30, 1864.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 542.]

A DIRGE.

Will the dead Hours come again,
From the arms of the buried Years?
Though we call, we call in vain,
And they will not heed our tears.
Why, O why were they slain
By thy fears?

Will the dead Love e'er return
For all thy late desire?
Can thy grief unclose Love's urn,
Or make of the ashes fire,
Though the cinders yet may burn
Round the pyre?

Alas and alas for the Gone!
We mourn, and we mourn in vain,
Like a ghost, or the dreamy tone
Of some long-forgotten strain,
Their memory haunts the Lone
But with pain.

PROFESSOR HALSTEAD'S GIRL.

A crotchety and contrary old chap was Joel Shellenbarger, a rich old farmer, as mulish as the donkeys in his barn. He had made his way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came in his way, and retaining that hold as though life depended upon it. Joel's mulishness had literally been the making of him, though you mightn't have considered the little pot-bellied, thick-skulled old man as much of a *make* after all.

Joel had one son—a handsome, clear-headed, active young man—tall, straight as a young larch, and as set in his way, when he chose to have one, as old Joel himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of, the old man managing to keep him at home with him some time after he ought to have been doing for himself. Not an acre of the father's possessions was ever called the son's; he owned nothing in the world save a horse which some neighbor had given him when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in much the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of these.

Joel Shellenbarger and his son Anson differed often, but there were two points on which the difference amounted to something serious. The first point concerned education, for which the old man had a profound contempt—and the son had not. There was a college some dozen miles from the Shellenbarger farm, and thither—having thoroughly prepared himself, in spite of fatherly thwarting and opposition—Anson betook himself, in spite of the same continued opposition, and by one contrivance and another, and helped out by his mother's small marketing, kept himself there till he graduated. Joel Shellenbarger contested the ground inch by inch, but afraid, in his selfishness, to do any thing more than be obstinate, lest his son should leave him. That was the first point of difference, and that was how Anson settled it. The second was not likely to be of so easy an arrangement.

At college Anson had found something besides graduating honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of brown curls and azure eyes—a red-lipped, dimple-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors, who, instead of curving her dainty lip at the homespun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardliness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of any thing or any body else when he was by.

In short, Anson had found some one to love, somebody that he wanted to marry, as he gravely informed his father. You should have seen the old man's eyes; it was a mercy they were fast in their sockets. Here was gratitude! This Anson, having already defrauded his old father of so much of his time, was going now to set the seal upon his absurdity and disobedience by marrying a "town girl!" Bad enough to marry any one, seeing his father wasn't through with him yet—but a town girl! *He* should never consent, and every Shellenbarger acre should go to strangers before Anson should have one, if he persisted in an idea so ridiculous!

"And pray what harm is there in being a town girl?" questioned Barbie Halstead, when Anson told her, half-laughing, half-vexed, and altogether rueful—for without assistance from his father he could not marry Barbie for a long time yet.

Anson laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying, "My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think—?" Barbie hesitated, looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

"That these pretty hands don't know much about brewing and baking, etc.? Exactly; I believe he thinks just that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Barbie, reddening, and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "Didn't I hear you say you needed a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer for the place."

Anson laughed again, enjoyingly.

"We need one badly enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live then? Who cooks for you, now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said, with a return of the half-smiling half-embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves, or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation Anson was at home busying himself over some culinary operation when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide, and a singularly-attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the checks very large, a yellow shawl, and a very frowzy and tumbled-looking white bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and within the brim flopped the immense frill of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face—what could be seen of it—was a very curious one to be inside of such a bonnet and cap. Just now, as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson—herself still unseen—the muscles about her mouth twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way.

Instantly the face took lugubrious length; and coming into the room the girl said, insinuatingly, but without looking at him,

"An' would ye be afther hirin' a servant the day?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Anson, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment.

"Shure, Sir, an' the lady that sint me—God bless her swate eyes!—said you'd be shure to take me on her ricommendation, which I has in me pocket—and here 'tis now."

She gave him a little note, which proved to be from Barbie Halstead. Anson read it with very lover-like carefulness, but shook his head.

"I am very sorry, my good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Belike your father mayn't object whin he sees me," the girl persisted.

Anson looked at the soiled white bonnet and the red feather, and repressed a smile, wondering what his father *would* say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough manner. He repeated what he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood a moment—"If ye plaze, Sur, I'll just see him a momint. Belike he may take a likin' to the look o' me."

And before he could reply she had crossed the room, and stood upon the threshold of the next.

Anson followed presently, curious to see what sort of a reception she would get.

"Shure an' I'll do plinty more'n I'm worth to yees," she was saying with innocent emphasis as Anson entered.

She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not by any possibility slip one in among them, and sat regarding her with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment.

This remarkable volubility completely baffled the old man's slowness. He could not say a word if he wished to, and when she concluded at last with "I kin make flap-jacks and corn-bread that 'd bring the very eyes out iv yer head, and make ye swally yer tongue with delightsomeness" (if he had a weakness it was for flap-jacks and corn-bread), he could only twirl his thumbs in a sort of delicious awe, and ask her with a cunning smile how much she expected "to git for doin' all them things."

"Seventy-five cents a week," was the prompt reply.

With a still more cunning laugh Joel offered her half the money.

Greatly to his amazement she agreed at once, and he found himself, to use his own expression, "in for it." To add to his chagrin, Anson stood by laughing with intense enjoyment.

But the girl, without further ado, proceeded to disencumber herself of bonnet and shawl, and vanished in the direction of the kitchen before any thing more could be said.

As she shut the door she stole a glance at Anson that made him start and bite his lips, and presently he strolled kitchenward also. She was already at work, handling the broom like an adept, and grumbling in her rich brogue at the dust that had accumulated in the corners; for the extent of Anson's and his father's sweeping had been to brush the centre of the room, somewhat to the disadvantage of the rest.

She did not look up as Anson entered; but he sat down, and deliberately, but furtively, watched her. For some time she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny; but presently she turned, and clasping both little hands upon the top of the broom-handle, said, with a mixture of bravado and archness too natural to be mistaken,

"Well, Anson, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked annoyed in the same breath.

"Then it *is* you, Barbie?" he said. "I was suspecting something of the sort."

"Not till I looked at you," said the girl, roguishly, retreating as he approached.

"Do you think this is quite the thing, Barbie?"

"Shure an' why ain't it the thing for a poor girl to be gittin' her livin' decently and honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her. Having acknowledged her identity with Barbie for an instant she was a most unapproachable "Biddy" the next, and would have nothing to say to him save in that character.

"Does your father know of this, Barbie?—what would he say?" persevered Anson, anxiously.

"Shure an' it's not me own fader would be interferin' wid me, would he?" said Biddy.

In vain were all remonstrances with the roguish and willful girl. She persisted in being Biddy even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Barbie in her own proper self.

Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost angry, the advent of his father forced him to retire from the kitchen, for fear of betraying Barbie's secret, which he would not have done for a great deal.

It was several hours before he could return to the house, his father having joined him, and, upon one pretext and another, detained him. When at last they entered together, kitchen and sitting-room—both which had been in a most untidy state when they left them—had undergone such a remarkably renovating process that old Joel drew back at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody else's house instead of his own. Supper was smoking on the table—such a supper as old Joel, at least, had not seen in months. To crown all, Mrs. Shellenbarger was sitting, propped with pillows, in a great easy-chair, and looking wondrously contented, and with reason: the poor lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner that very few of their neighbors even knew that Mrs. Shellenbarger was not as well as usual. Biddy—as she called herself—had tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful manner.

Joel Shellenbarger sat down to the daintily-spread table, and made a most hearty and keenly-relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile.

Anson, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance too.

That was only the beginning of the reforms this daring girl instituted.

First, however, as much, perhaps, for her own peace of mind as Anson's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Shellenbarger, and fairly wheedled the good lady into approval.

It is true that she shook her head at first, and looked wondrously shocked. But it was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her, and to see such brightness and comfort springing up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenancing, as much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

I haven't time to give you all particulars, but having made so good a beginning, with true Irish facility, Biddy established herself in a very short time completely in the good graces of the old man.

He had a lurking liking for neatness and order, and Mrs. Shellenbarger—poor lady!—wasn't a *very* tidy housekeeper. Under the new reign order grew out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded every thing.

One morning—Biddy had said something about leaving the day before—the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Anson with, "I never see no good come of eddication yet. If it hadn't 'a bin for that college business you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl, and she to you."

He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet, and came near dropping the dish she was holding. It was not the first time Anson had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's trepidation.

"See here, father," he said, roguishly: "just you pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it."

"The only girl I know of worth having wouldn't have *you*, I dare say—would you, Biddy?" Joel said, grumblingly, but suddenly turning to the girl.

Anson was smiling maliciously. Bridget O'Flynn had kept Barbie's lover at a most tantalizing and unrelenting distance all this time. He was taking his revenge now.

Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self-possession,

"Shure, Sur, an' it isn't mesilf that 'll be afther havin' ony mon till I'm asked."

"Biddy, will you marry me?" said Anson, gravely, extending his hand.

"I will that now," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Joel came near choking with amazement.

It was too late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, and privately pinched himself to ascertain if he were in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Barbie," Anson was saying, laughingly, "What is to be done next? I must say you've managed wonderfully so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?"

"Not Biddy at all!" screamed Joel Shellenbarger, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert.

There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever. She laughed, though, when she saw him, and deliberately taking off her cap shook her bright curls all about her face, and reaching toward him her little hand, said, archly, "Shure, Sir, an' ye won't be afther hatin' a poor girl because her name's Barbie Halstead instead of Biddy O'Flynn!"

"You—you Professor Halstead's girl?"

"Professor Halstead is my father, Sir," said Barbie, in her natural tones.

"What's that?"

Barbie repeated it.

"And you're not Irish?"

"Niver a bit!"

The old man stood a moment, clouds gathering in his face.

"Well, Anson," he said, rather surlily, "you've outwitted me again—much good may it do you. You'd better get out the horses now, and take Halstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time."

"Yes, Sir." And Anson colored with mingled anger and amusement.

Barbie did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers again, she said, sweetly, "You'll shake hands with me, Sir?"

Joel Shellenbarger turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, bending her bright arch face toward him, and saying, "I shall come back some time, Sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

Joel hummed and hawed, and stammered out at last, "Yes, yes; come back, Biddy—I mean Miss O'Flynn—I mean Miss—"

"Barbie," suggested the girl, quietly.

"Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There, Anson, make the most on't!"

Barbie did come back, in a very few weeks, too, and nobody was gladder to see her than old Joel, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halstead's girl. She soon made him forget, however, every thing save that she was Anson's wife; and the way he humored the sly puss to sundry grants of moneys and repairs, refurnishing, etc., I couldn't begin to tell you. But I'd like you to see the Shellenbarger place since Barbie has gone there to live.

THE DEATH-LIGHT.

There is a bird of the grossbeak tribe, called the baya, of which many curious stories are related by travelers in the East Indies, in some districts of which it is common.

The baya is about the size of the roseate grossbeak of this country, a bird which it also resembles in form. Its plumage is brown, tinged here and there with lemon yellow, and its beak, which is remarkably thick and strong, is of the color and grain of ivory. Hence, among some of the mountain tribes it is called by a name which signifies the "elephant bird."

Of all the feathered species none perhaps is so susceptible of education as the baya. It can be taught to fetch and carry like a dog; to hold a silken thread in its beak and fly with it to a distance, until desired to stop, when it alights, and advances slowly along the ground toward its mistress, keeping the thread at a proper state of tension while she winds it upon a reel; to feign death when aimed at with a toy pistol; to go through a variety of military evolutions, and to do a hundred other things which would make the fortune of a French poodle of average intellect. The strangest circumstance related about the baya, however, is that it lights up its nest with fire-flies. A traveler, incredulous with regard to this alleged fact, asked an aged inhabitant of the mountains why the baya, being a bird of the day, should thus illuminate its residence at night? To this the hill-side sage replied that it is not for man to question the mysteries of nature. "The baya," said he, "beholds you as you move about in the light of the sun, but do you suppose that he troubles himself about the price you pay for the wax-candles that you burn in your tent at night?" A more satisfactory solution has been propounded, however, respecting the night-lamps of the baya. It appears that the nest of this bird is partially constructed of a sweet and glutinous fibre, to which the fire-flies are attracted, and by which they are caught as if with bird-lime, thus offering a succulent repast to the young fledgelings.

About the close of the last century, when peace had been proclaimed between the East India Company and the Rajah of Mysore, a young English officer, serving in the army of the former, was about proceeding to England on leave of absence. During his service in the mountain districts he had been employed for some time as an interpreter, and finally as a Commissioner for negotiating terms of peace with certain frontier tribes. While thus acting he became acquainted with a beautiful young princess, daughter of one of the rajahs of these people. His perfect knowledge of the language soon gained him the confidence of the rajah's family, with whom he remained for several weeks; and the result was that he fell desperately in love with the dark-eyed daughter of his host—a passion which was reciprocated by her with all the ardor of the glowing Oriental temperament.

The blood of the native tribes was yet red upon the hands of their invaders. It was from motives of policy alone that the rajah entertained his English guest, the disclosure of any designs on the part of whom with regard to the daughter of the house would in all probability have led to the death of both. The day had arrived for the departure of the young Englishman. He had a brief, hurried interview with his *affiancée*—for such the rajah's daughter now was—and it was arranged between them that she was to elope with him under the cover of darkness. She was to meet him, soon after nightfall, in a certain grove of mango-trees, whence they were to be conveyed by palanquin to the military station nearest to the frontier.

It was already dusk as the young princess, taking with her all her most valuable diamonds and other jewelry, went stealthily forth from the house, and bent her steps toward the designated rendezvous. She turned when she had reached the further end of the garden to take a last look at the lovely spot in which she had passed the seventeen years of her happy, innocent life. It was a trying moment; but love prevailed, and she opened the garden wicket and went out into the field beyond. As she followed the path that wound through a bushy ravine her eye fell upon the nest of a baya, which she had observed there the evening before as she walked with her lover. The young birds had already flown from the nest, around the edge of which a few fire-flies still flickered with their pale, uncertain light. Led by a coquettish impulse, the young girl took the nest from the branch of the beautiful shrub to which it was attached, and wove it jauntily into the heavy masses of her raven hair. It would be an appropriate present for her lover, who had collected many curious things to take with him to Europe, but had not provided himself with a baya's nest. It wanted yet half an hour of the appointed time of rendezvous when the rajah's daughter entered the mango tope. Night had fallen, and she seated herself upon one of the stones of a ruined temple and waited for her lover.

That day a leopard had been reported in the neighborhood, and an old shikar, or hunter, lay in wait for it at night on the edge of the mango tope, where it had last been seen. A rustling in the bushes attracted his attention as he lay half dozing in his ambush. "If I could but see the glare of the beast's eyes," said he to himself, "I would soon plant my bullet between them. Something is glimmering among the old stones yonder now;" and he penetrated the gloom with his eagle eye.

Presently the glimmer became more distinct. It moved a little; two specks of greenish light were plainly discernible through the night, and, taking a steady aim between these, the hunter discharged his matchlock.

No words can describe his horror when, on running to secure his prey, he saw, by the pale moonlight that now began to silver the stems of the mangoes, the dead body of the rajah's daughter, through whose head he had sent the fatal bullet, mistaking the gleaming fire-flies in her hair for the eyes of a couching leopard. The time of his agony was brief, however. Now the hour of the rendezvous was come, and the lover approached, attended by some of his bearers. For a moment he was speechless with horror at the scene that met his view. Then, hardly yet comprehending the situation, a feeling of vengeance took possession of him, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, he shot the old hunter dead upon the spot.

By this time the rajah's people were aroused, for the princess had been missed from the household, and the lamentations of the old shikar, heard from the mango tope, directed the search to that quarter. The wretched lover made no attempt to escape. Paralyzed with horror, he was led away to the rajah, whose first impulse was to behead him with his sword. But he reserved him for a more cruel fate.

Years after, when the walls of the rajah's fortress were battered down by the cannon sent against his successor, a bleached skeleton was found standing upright in a niche that had been laid open. To the skeleton there was chained a plate of gold, an inscription upon which, in the native language, briefly set forth the story narrated above.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

"What is the reason you object to live in the old family house, Alfred? The man who drove me from the station told me it was haunted; but you surely do not believe in such nonsense?"

"Certainly not. You must have a bad memory, however, if you can not understand the reason why no earthly inducement would bring me to occupy it."

"Well, my memory is bad enough, I allow; but when I left the country, seventeen years ago, your father and mother occupied it; and I never heard either you or your sister find any fault with it."

"Ah! I had forgotten. You have not heard of the dreadful affair which cut us up root and branch; for I am the only survivor of the family left, except my poor sister, and I shall never marry."

"Crossed in love, eh? If you had come out to me in South America when it happened you would have forgotten it long ago, and have come home as fully determined to marry and settle down as I am. But tell me all about it, my dear old boy! Let me see—when I left college you had just entered on your first term."

"Just so. Our parting was the first sorrow of my life. How well I remember my sister, my cousin Fanny, and myself walking with you to the station! Fanny was not much to look at then; but if you had seen her when she was two years older you would have thought her, as I did, one of the most beautiful girls the sun ever shone upon."

"I understand—cousin Fanny was the rock on which the happiness of your life was wrecked, as novelists say."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, do not speak another word in that jeering tone! I will tell you what has happened since, on condition that you do not speak of it again. I had but a few months longer to remain at college when I was sent for, in consequence of the serious illness of my mother. On reaching home I found that Fanny was staying there, and during this time we were necessarily a great deal together. My sister was occupied in attendance on our mother, and could not often accompany us in our walks. Under other circumstances I might have seen so many different faces, have had so many visits to make, and have found so much amusement in field-sports and in talking with my father respecting alterations and improvements about the estate, that I should have had comparatively few opportunities of associating with my cousin. As it was, we were in each other's society for hours daily. The result of this constant association was that I became passionately attached to her; and when my mother had recovered so far as to be out of danger, and I was about to return to college, I obtained from her the acknowledgment that my love was returned, and I left her with the understanding that when I had taken my degree the day of our marriage should be fixed. If ever there was a man in the world who looked forward with undoubting confidence to a life of happiness I was that man. My father and mother were both favorable to our marriage, and there was no conceivable obstacle to oppose our wishes. The only person whom Fanny had to consult was her aunt, and there was nothing to fear from any objections on her part.

"I do not suppose you remember, even if you ever heard, that this aunt of hers was very rich. She had adopted Fanny and her brother when they were mere children, their father and mother having been drowned in the ——, when that vessel went down in the Bay of Biscay. Fanny's brother I had never seen. His conduct was so bad at school that he was expelled, and so disgusted his aunt that she refused to allow him to live with her, and he was sent from home. The frequency with which he wrote to his aunt mollified her feelings toward him so far as to induce her to increase his allowance; but she said she had vowed that her whole fortune should go to her niece on her death, and nothing would induce her to break this solemn resolution.

"As I was leaving the college chapel one morning a familiar voice said 'Good-morning, Mr. Alfred,' and a hand was held before me with a letter. I was so surprised that before I took the letter I looked at the speaker, and a chill came over me when I saw that it was the groom who waited upon me when I was at home. Telling him to go to my rooms I went back into the chapel, which was now empty, and opened the letter. It was written by my father; and after exhorting me to bear the painful news he had to give me like a man, he told me briefly that Fanny had disappeared on the previous morning, and that they had been seeking her all night in vain. On reading this letter I rushed to my rooms, threw off my cap and gown, and within a quarter of an hour was driving homeward. My first question as I jumped out of the gig and took my father's hand was, 'Have you found her?' His answer was in the negative. He told me she had gone out alone before breakfast, as usual, and had not been seen since, though she had been sought for in every place.

"It may have been a year or more before this that I had taken a great interest in photography, and there was not a picturesque spot about the estate or near it I had not photographed. During my mother's illness it was my chief amusement; and, accompanied by my cousin and a man to carry the apparatus, I had spent whole days in practicing an art which, to me, had all the charm of novelty. I remembered well all the spots which had most pleased her, and where we had afterward walked most frequently. Too impatient to regulate my pace by my father's, I called to my groom to come with me, and set off to search those places beyond the limits of the estate which we had liked most. I had searched several of these without success, and had got as far as The Beeches, when I suddenly recollected that there was a place called 'Clay Hollow,' about two miles distant. This was a very lonely spot, but commanded a beautiful view, and had been a favorite walk of ours since we had discovered it. Wondering why I had not thought of it before, I set out for this place. The pathway, which led into the hollow, wound through furze and broom, and came out behind a remarkably fine old oak. I had no need to look further. Beneath this oak lay the dead body of the woman with whom I had expected to share a long life of happiness.

"If this had happened but an hour ago I should not have a more vivid recollection of what I felt as I looked at the widely-opened glazed eyes and the distorted features which I had last seen full of life and animation. The body was carried home and laid in the great hall, and a surgeon was sent for, who, after a brief examination, told us, what I had seen already, that she had been strangled.

"No other motive for the murder except robbery could be suggested; but whether she had been robbed or not nobody could tell, as at that early hour of the morning it was not likely she could have had any thing about her which any body could steal. There was indeed a brooch missing from her shawl, but this was afterward picked up among the grass. The necessary legal formalities were gone through the next day, and a verdict of 'Willful Murder' against some person or persons unknown was returned. Perfect love excludes every other feeling. I felt no shrinking horror at the sight of the dead body of my betrothed. Night and day I had remained beside the corpse; and it was while looking at the eyes, so changed since the mind had ceased to look out of them, that an idea occurred to me which I had immediately determined to put in execution as soon as the official investigation was over. The idea was, *that a photograph of the retina of the eye might be magnified so as to present a distinct image of the last object depicted upon it.* Every object depicted on the retina during life endures for a time, and is succeeded and effaced by another. The duration of the image on the retina is, however, influenced by various causes. If the eye is directed toward a very brightly-illuminated object the impression made upon the retina is so strong that when the eye is turned toward a light-colored surface the dazzling object is still visible; but instead of appearing bright, it is represented darkly, as though it were the shadow of that object. The duration of the image is also affected by the condition of the humors contained in the eye. When death is caused by strangulation the eye becomes charged with a viscous secretion, which is not withdrawn, but coagulates and hardens, so to speak, as vitality is expelled, and the last image impressed on it is retained precisely as the picture is retained on the photograph which the light has printed on it with the most delicate gradations of tone. These and similar reflections induced me to determine to put the conclusions I had arrived at to the test. With this view I requested the surgeon to remove one of the eyes from its socket. From this I took a great number of photographs on glass, and then gave it back to him that he might restore it to its place. These pictures were of course very much smaller than the eye itself, and it was therefore necessary to devise a method of enlarging them. No very profound knowledge of the effects produced by a combination of lenses was required to point out the means of accomplishing this. I caused one of the rooms to be made totally dark, and an opening to be made in the boards which were nailed over the windows just large enough to admit a single ray of light. This ray was made to pass through a succession of lenses, and also through the glass on which the photographic image was printed, a sheet of prepared paper being fixed to receive the magnified image, and record it in ineffaceable characters.

"Conceive, if you can, the intense anxiety with which I waited for the development of the hidden secret. The day was unusually dull and wet, both circumstances which delayed the reproduction of the image. Hour after hour dragged along till the day ended, and the result was just sufficiently evident to prove that a face was growing out of the paper. I heard persons knocking at the door, but I took no heed of them. I felt neither hunger nor the want of sleep; but sat there on the floor through the long, long night, which seemed as if it would never come to an end, till I was half maddened by my eagerness and the fear that the murderer might have time to escape beyond the reach of discovery. I thanked God with all my soul when the first faint indication came of returning daylight. The morning sun shone full on the window, and I saw with inexpressible satisfaction that the light was far more vivid than on the preceding day. By slow, very slow degrees—for it is not with these enlarged representations as with small ones—the face became more and more defined. What mixed feelings of horror, rage, and grief filled my mind while this likeness of the murderer crept slowly but steadily from darkness into light!

"At last I had before me the portrait of the last human being on whom her eyes had rested. It was that of a man, young, with good features; but with an indescribable expression of mingled terror and ferocity in his face. This to some extent served as a disguise; but the features were too strongly marked for it to prevent any person who knew the original from recognizing him. I showed it to my father, and he had a vague impression that he had seen a person resembling it somewhere, but that was all. I then rode with it to the police-station, and put it into the hands of the superintendent. All the constables were called in, but they all declared that they had never seen a person about the country resembling the portrait. Leaving this in his possession, I took another likeness, which I myself showed to every individual, old and young, for miles round.

"All our researches were fruitless. Nobody had seen a person resembling the portrait—a circumstance the more mysterious that it was not that of a person who would be likely to pass unnoticed. The only plausible suggestion to account for this was made by the superintendent, namely, that the man, whoever he was, had come across the fields from the railway-station, and had returned the same way; but inquiries made at the station failed to confirm this idea.

"The continual sight of the effigy of the murderer almost drove me out of my senses. My brain was so far affected that I was incapable of applying myself to any thing, and I believe nothing saved me from going raving mad but the conviction that I should one day discover the murderer. To search for him was my sole occupation. In theatres, on the race-course, at railway-stations—every where where men congregated I sought him. I saw neither the amusements nor the business; nothing but faces. The death of my mother, which at any other time would have affected me deeply, came so soon after the other calamity that I hardly felt it.

"Month after month I wandered up and down the streets from morning to night, avoiding no place, however infamous, where there was a chance of finding the man of whom I was in search. My quest was interrupted for a time by a letter from my sister summoning me home. My father was very ill, and no hope was held out of his recovery. When all was over the medical man suggested that I might be more successful in finding my cousin's murderer if I went abroad. I thought he was right. I went to Paris, thence to Baden, and through all the German watering-places. From Berlin I went to Vienna, and from that city to Venice, having been drawn to the latter place by a paragraph in a newspaper stating that the city was thronged with foreigners. I was always well supplied with letters of introduction to persons in every place I visited. The first I presented on the morning after my arrival in Venice was to Count Frasini, who, before we parted, gave me an invitation to a ball to come off in the evening. The Count occupied a palace facing the square of St. Mark, a very large building, which on this evening was crowded with visitors. I had seated myself on a balcony outside the ball-room, from whence I could see all who approached the Countess to pay their respects. I dare say it was close upon midnight when I saw two gentlemen making their way toward the spot where the Countess was seated conversing with the young Archduke Maximilian and the commander of the Austrian troops. The taller of the two bent his head so frequently that I was unable to get a distinct view of his face; but the partial glimpse I got of it from time to time convinced me that I had at last found the man I had been so long seeking. I re-entered the room; but just as I did so he seemed to think it would be hopeless to attempt to reach the Countess, for he turned suddenly to the right, passed through a doorway, and disappeared. Little as I heeded who I thrust aside in crossing the room, it took me so long to make my way through the crowd of visitors that when I reached the staircase the man of whom I was in pursuit had reached the street. I rushed down the stairs, and found that they led me to a small door, which likewise opened into the square; but it was not that by which I had entered, which was at some distance and surrounded by servants and boatmen. I looked eagerly about the square, uncertain which way to pursue, when suddenly I saw a bright flash at the furthest corner of the square, as though somebody was lighting a cigar. The distance between us was so great that I could only imagine it to be the man I was seeking. Nevertheless, I rushed across the square as fast as I could run toward him. I overtook him as he was leaning over a bridge which crossed one of the canals, looking down at the water. I seized him by the arm with my left hand, and with my right I grasped a handful of his clothes. I could not speak for the moment, so great was my excitement; and just as I was about to raise my voice for help I felt a sharp pain, and a descent through the air, followed by a sensation of extreme cold. After this I was half conscious of a cry that an assassin was in the water, and then I seemed to fall asleep. A long sleep it must have been, for it was five weeks afterward before I knew that I had been thrown into a canal, from whence I had been taken by some boatmen who were close to me with their gondolas where I had fallen. As soon as I had recovered my strength sufficiently to move about my room (for the wound I had received was more painful than dangerous) I was told that I must consider myself in custody, the boatmen who gave me over to the police officials having told them that I was attempting to commit a robbery on a gentleman, when his two servants seized me, and in the scuffle wounded me, and I jumped into the canal.

"I sent for Count Frasini, and told him of what had happened. He soon settled the matter with the police; but although I showed him the portrait of his guest he was unable to identify the original.

"I did not lose courage even under this disappointment; on the contrary, the conviction that I must one day discover the murderer grew stronger than ever. The first use I made of my renewed strength was to resume my search in Venice, but to no purpose; and when all hope of finding him here was gone I traveled to Rome. At this city I found an accumulation of letters from my sister, urging me strongly to return home. The strongest motive she had for desiring my return she said very little about; nor did I, in my then state of mind, feel greatly interested in it. She wanted to consult me respecting an offer of marriage she had received from Fanny's brother, who had returned to England and become reconciled to his aunt. I answered her letter, telling her that if she liked to accept him as her husband I could have no reason for objecting to him; that she had better act in the way most agreeable to her inclinations, subject to her aunt's approval, and that I would endeavor to reach England in time to be present at her wedding. Having written thus I dismissed the matter from my mind, and continued my wanderings. I shall not weary you by specifying any more of the cities I visited. I had heard that my sister was married and was very happy; and in utter weariness and almost despair of succeeding in again meeting with Fanny's murderer I resolved to come back here for a time.

"I had not taken the trouble to write to my sister to say on what day I should come; so, as I was not expected, I walked across to the old oak tree beneath which the body had been found. I sat here buried in thought for a long time, and, soon after turning into the lane on my way to the house, I met a woodman with whom I had spent many days in felling trees. He was so anxious that I should go to his cottage to see his wife, who had been nurse-maid in our family when I was a child, that I walked with him there. I staid there some time listening to what they had to say of changes about the estate, and of persons I had once known, but whose names I had then almost forgotten. On leaving them I found it was so late that I pushed my way through a hedge to get to the house by a shorter way than by following the carriage road. By going this way I had to pass through a wood; and directly I stepped out from beneath the trees I saw crossing the field, about a stone's-throw distant from me, a man carrying a gun. I stepped out briskly to overtake him. The land had been newly plowed, so that he did not seem to hear my steps till I was close to him, when he turned round, and we stood face to face. The sun was going down, and he had to bend his head a little to look at me, because of the rays which shone directly into his eyes. My heart for an instant ceased to beat. There before me—his face inclined exactly as it was in the photograph—stood the murderer I had been seeking for so many years. He, no doubt, recognized me, for he looked as inanimate as though he had been suddenly turned to stone. As soon as the shock had passed I rushed at him and seized him with both hands. 'Murderer!' I said, 'you do not escape as at Venice.' He offered no resistance at first, and I looked around to see if there was any body near I could send to the police-station to bid the constables come to fetch him away. He may have understood why I withdrew my eyes from him, for he recovered his strength instantaneously and seized me by the throat. He was far stronger than I, and I felt myself tossed hither and thither; but I clung to him notwithstanding. I tried, as I wrestled with him, to throw him, but I could get no foothold on the uneven ground; and it was he who succeeded in forcing me backward to the earth. Still I held him, but he could now press my throat with full force; and it was I now who had to struggle to save my own life. My head seemed to be swelling to a monstrous size, and this was the last thing I remember.

"I lay in the field all that night. In the morning I was seen by the man who came to finish the plowing, and he, with the help of the keepers, carried me home. I was quite unable to move; but I had a dreamlike consciousness of what was being done. By the time I was laid on the bed I had recovered so far as to be able to speak, and the first words I spoke was an order to a man to ride as hard as he could go to the police-station and bring back with him the superintendent.

"My sister came to my bedside as the man left the room. We were always strongly attached to each other; but I was surprised to see her so agitated by, as I supposed, the attack made on me. Her eyes were red and swollen, and she looked so worn and pale that I feared she was ill. After answering her questions with respect to myself, I said,

"'You were with our aunt when I made those photographs of poor Fanny's murderer, and have never seen one, have you? I thought not,' I continued; 'but if you open the pocket-book which is in the breast-pocket of my coat you will see it.'

"She opened it, took out the portrait, and, looking at it, said, 'This is not it. This is my husband's portrait. Where did you get it?'

"'Your husband! Fanny's brother!—her murderer!' I stammered. The truth flashed upon our minds at the same instant.

"For several hours she remained totally insensible; and when at last she became conscious she talked incoherently, and has not since recovered the use of her reason.

"I was thankful, when I was told that the superintendent had arrived, that I had not had time or opportunity to mention to any body but my sister the cause of my being found insensible. Leaving it to be inferred that it was due to sudden illness, I gave the superintendent to understand that I had sent for him to direct a search after my brother-in-law, who had not been seen since the preceding evening. After he had made inquiries among the servants he came back to tell me that he would send over a constable to follow up the matter. As he was leaving the room, I said, carelessly,

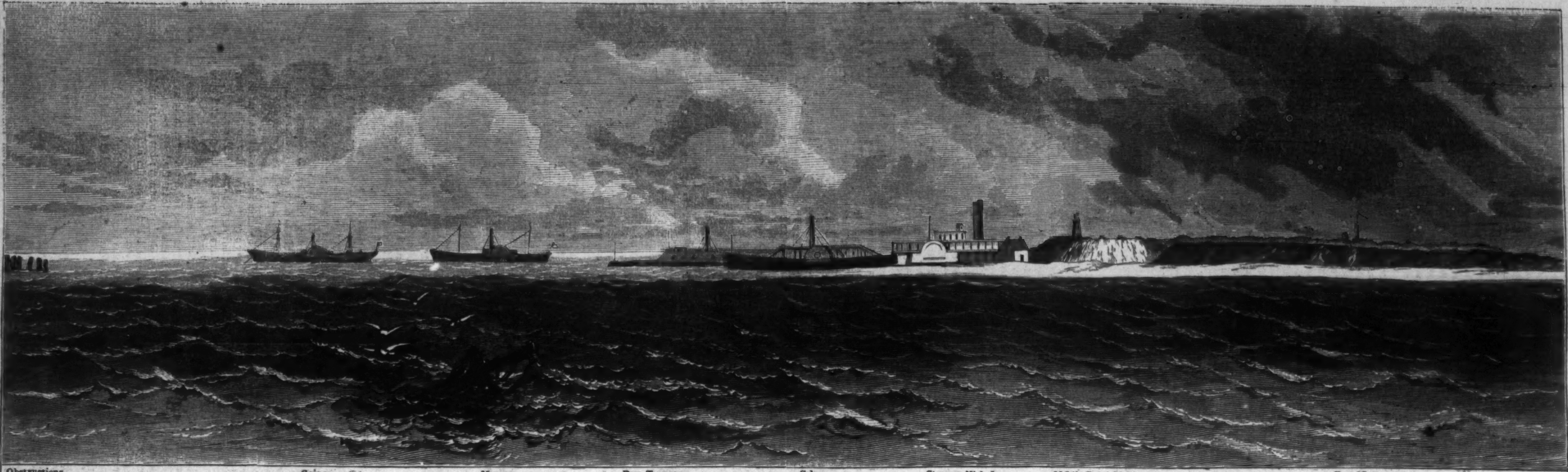
"'Have you still got the portrait I gave you several years ago?'

"'No,' he replied. 'I kept it about two years; but it had then faded almost entirely away, and then I threw it into the fire.'

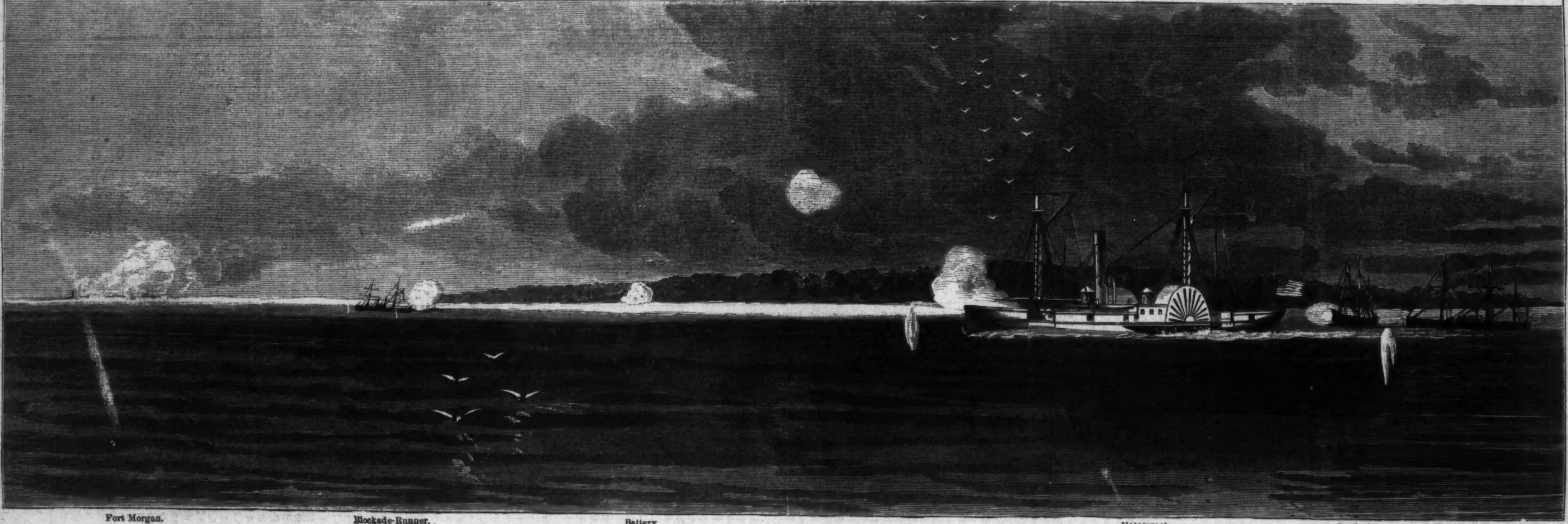
"I made him no answer; but I was thankful that the copy I had given him had been less durable than my own.

"It was found that my sister's husband had gone to London; and that is the last I heard concerning him.

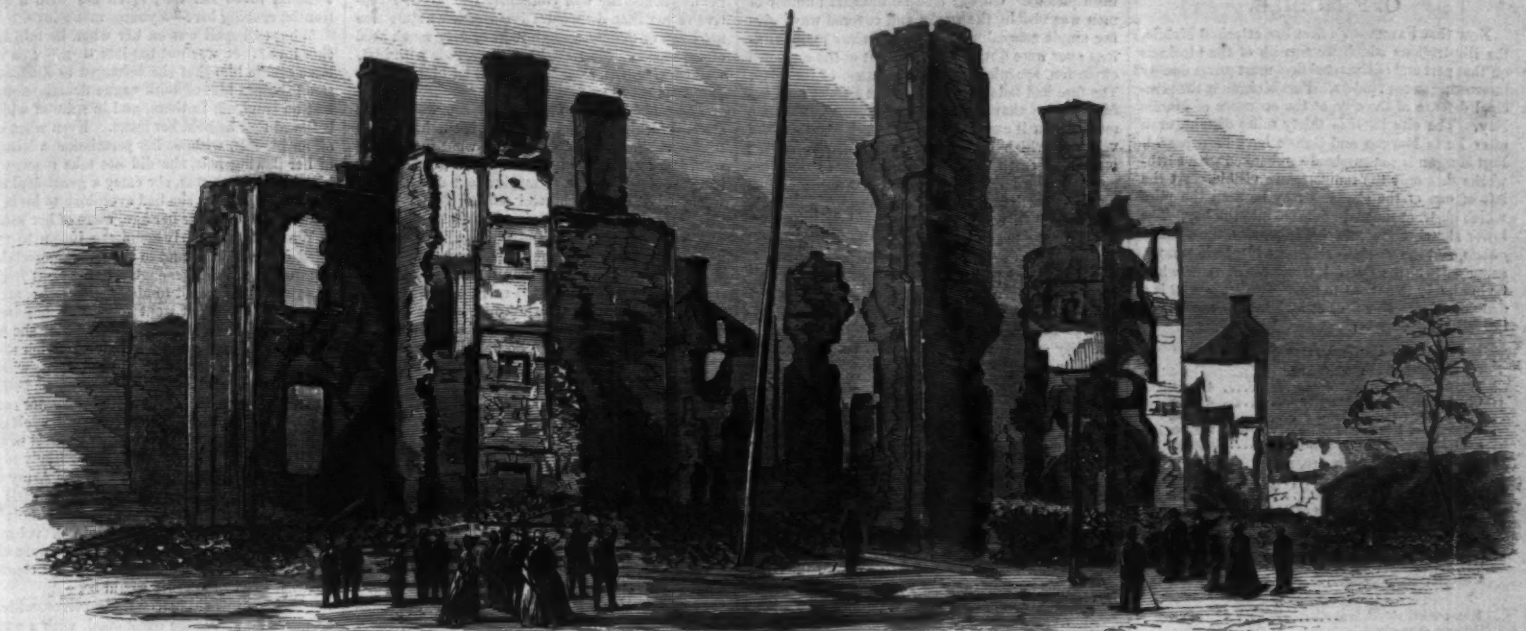
"Do I think he was his sister's murderer? you ask. Is it possible to doubt it? I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in all cases where death occurs in broad daylight, and especially when it is caused by similar means, the last object on which the eye rests will be found depicted on the retina after death, and from Darkness may be brought into Light.


Obstructions.
Gaines.
Morgan.
Ram Tennessee.
Selma.
Steamer Nicholas.
Mobile Point Light.
Fort Morgan.

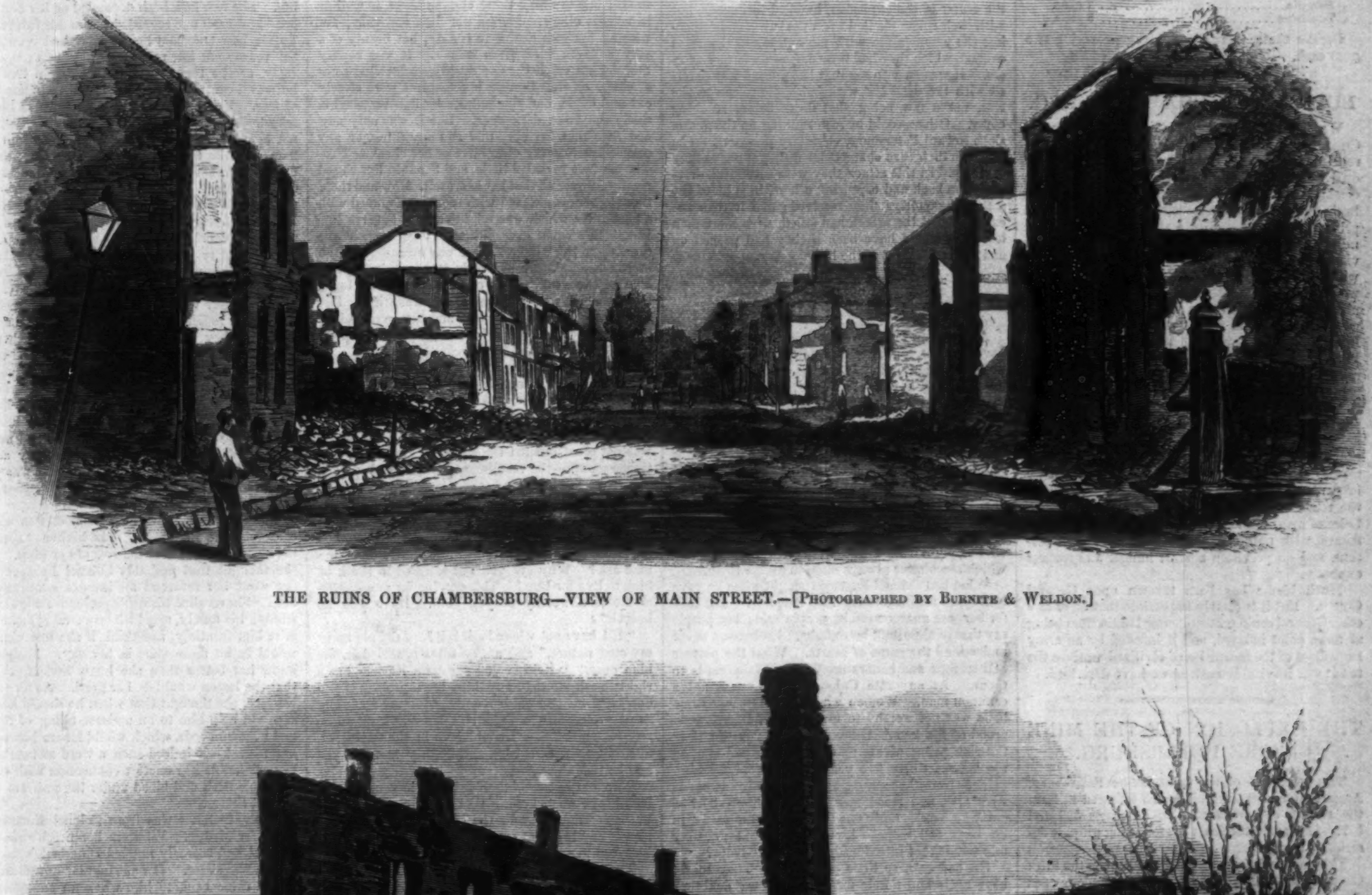
FORT MORGAN AND THE REBEL FLEET.


Fort Morgan.
Blockade-Runner.
Battery.
Metacomet.
Seminole.
Monongahela.

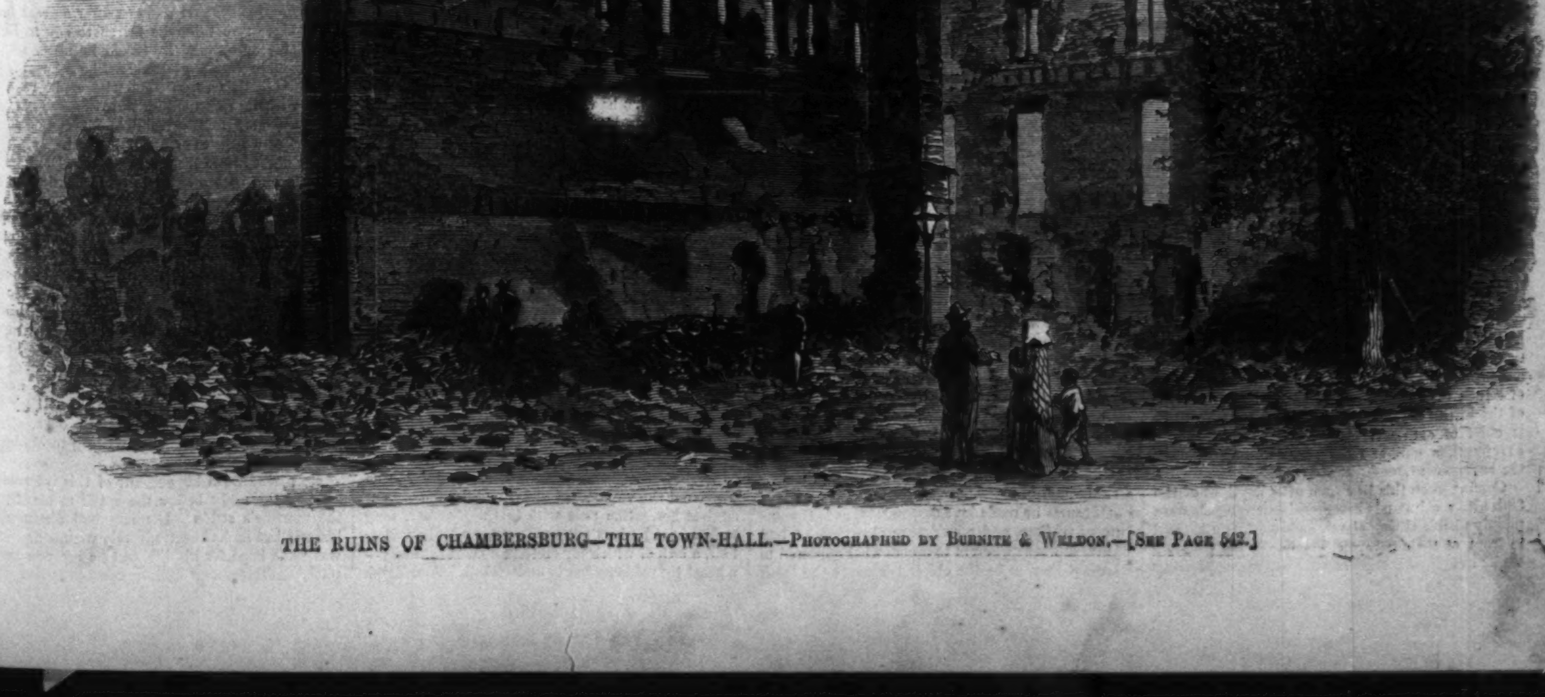
OFF MOBILE—SHELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.—[See Page 542.]



THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—BANK AND FRANKLIN HOTEL.—[Photographed by Burnite & Weldon, Harrisburg, Pa.]



THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—VIEW OF MAIN STREET.—[Photographed by Burnite & Weldon.]



THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—THE TOWN-HALL.—Photographed by Burnite & Weldon.—[See Page 542.]

OFF MOBILE.

Now that Farragut's fleet has attacked Mobile, the illustrations which we furnish of the blockade off that port and of the rebel fleet must prove doubly interesting to our readers. Fort Morgan is the principal defense of the city, at the entrance of Mobile Bay. The city itself is thirty miles distant, even after Forts Morgan and Gaines have been passed. Fort Morgan is so completely embanked with earthworks that only the ramparts are visible. At the left of one of the sketches may be seen the piles which obstruct the main passage into the bay. The lower sketch represents the *Metacomet*, the *Monongahela*, and the *Seminole* shelling a blockade-runner, supposed to be the *Dubeigh*, which ran aground while trying lately to get out to sea. The *Metacomet* is a double-ender. Our fleet at Mobile now consists of the following vessels:

Flag-ship—Hartford, screw sloop, 20 guns.

IRON-CLADS.	
Winnebago, 2 turret Monitor	4 guns.
Chickasaw, 2 turret Monitor	4 guns.
Tecumseh, 1 turret Monitor	2 guns.
Manhattan, 1 turret Monitor	2 guns.
Four Mississippi River iron-clads	10 guns.
SCREW SLOOPS.	
Richmond, first class	18 guns.
Brooklyn, first class	24 guns.
Monongahela, second class	12 guns.
Lackawanna, second class	14 guns.
Oneida, second class	10 guns.
Ossipee, second class	13 guns.
Galena, second class	14 guns.
Genesee, second class	8 guns.
DOUBLE-ENDERS.	
Metacomet, side-wheel	10 guns.
Sebago, side-wheel	10 guns.
Port Royal, side-wheel	8 guns.
Conemaugh, side-wheel	9 guns.
SCREW GUN-BOATS.	
Kennebec	5 guns.
Panola	4 guns.
Itasca	4 guns.
Pembina	4 guns.
Penguin	7 guns.
Tennessee	5 guns.

Besides these, there are five tugs, carrying two guns each.

BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

We illustrate on page 541 the Burning of Chambersburg by the rebels, July 30. A large rebel force was near at hand, but only a few hundred cavalry-men were employed in the work of conflagration. The burned district covers all the business portion of the town and some of the finest private residences. Not a store escaped: hotels, mills, manufactories—all were consumed. The view of Main Street, given in one of the sketches, will suggest to the reader the completeness of the work. The rebel General presiding over this carnival of destruction was M'Causland. He demanded $500,000 as the alternative of this outrage, knowing well enough that it could not be raised. It is estimated that the loss is not less than four millions of dollars. Two thousand five hundred people lost their homes. As if this was not enough, the rebel soldiers added insult to injury, thus interpreting their chivalry to defenseless women and helpless children. Bedridden old women even did not elicit any compassion in the breasts of these rebels. Uncoffined corpses had to be buried hastily in gardens to save them from the flames. In all the roads leading toward Harrisburg were multitudes of men, women, and children flying from the flames, with no clothing except that on their persons, and no provision against hunger and roofless exposure.

Much blame has been thrown upon General Couch. But it is clearly impossible that he or any other General could protect Pennsylvania from being at some point infested, and if infested by an army regardless of the amenities of civilized warfare the result was inevitably such as we have described.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE BEFORE PETERSBURG.

The explosion of the mine before Petersburg, August 30, and the assault which followed it, form the subject of our illustration on pages 536 and 537. Our artist furnishes the following graphic description:

The picture is from a sketch made upon the Fifth Corps line at the time when the cannonade opened along the entire front, just before sunrise. The crest of Cemetery Hill, above which is visible the steeples of the "Cockade City," as the natives delight to term it, was the goal the army had in view, it being the key of the whole position. Upon and in front of this gentle rise the rebels built their intrenchments. Of what is on the top of it but little is visible. In front, however, is a line of works for infantry and artillery, rendered so strong by nature and the art of the engineer as to be extremely hard to penetrate. It was on a portion of this line that the mine was exploded, not in a fort or redoubt, which could have been held with greater prospect of success, but in a re-entering angle or indentation of the general line, entirely enfiladed on each flank, and open to a fire in the rear. The "three tiers" of fortifications spoken of by correspondents do not exist except in their imagination, inflated by the stories of stragglers and coffee-boilers. Our lines can be traced by the smoke of the artillery fire, representing a portion of the Fifth and Ninth Corps. In the fore-ground is a battery of 10-inch mortars, under the personal supervision of Colonel Abbott, and beyond them, on the front line, another battery of 8-inch mortars, and some of the light batteries of the Fifth Corps, of which Colonel Wainwright is chief of artillery. The assistant chief, Major Fitzhugh, a gallant officer, was wounded during the engagement.

Coming upon this line soon after daylight of the 30th ult., a calm and clear morning, the rebels were plainly visible sitting about, and strolling upon and in front of their parapets, looking at the progress we had made, and enjoying the cool air, apparently unsuspicious. On our side no unusual number of men was visible, the works and covered ways giving ample concealment. Nevertheless many anxious eyes were directed to the point of the expected explosion, speculating upon the cause of its delay. The fuse had failed, and it was but a short time before sunrise that the mine was sprung. With a muffled roar it came, and as from the eruption of a volcano—which it much resembled—upward shot masses of earth, momently illuminated from beneath by the lurid flare. For a few seconds huge blocks of earth and other *débris*, mingled with dust, was seen in a column perhaps 150 feet in height, and then the heavy volume of smoke, which spread out in billowy waves on every side, enveloped all, like a shadowy pall for the two hundred souls thus rushed into eternity. As if for breath there was a short pause, the rebels regarding the giant apparition as though spell-bound, and then one hundred and fifty guns opened in one grand volley upon the rebel lines. The storming columns could be seen springing forward to the doomed work; but the rapid cannonade soon hid that portion of the line in smoke, though the savage discharges of musketry showed plainly the enemy did not propose giving up without a struggle. Their artillery withered under the terrible accuracy of the fire directed against them, made but desultory firing, and soon became almost silent before the Fifth Corps. The Petersburg Express made regular trips into the city; the mortar shells, visible to their destination, creaked through the air and formed beautiful rings and spirals; while the sun, struggling through the heavy vapors of battle, recalled Campbell's lines:

> "'Tis morn. But scarce yon level sun
> Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun."

On the parapets of the works they had erected, the engineers and their chief, Major Duane, carefully watched the contest. The hours sped along, and yet no success; when the smoke lifted the attacking column of the Ninth Corps became visible in the crater of the explosion, huddled in masses, but with their colors planted upon the ruins, and returning the enemy's fire with musketry and the rebel cannon, which they had turned upon its former owners. It was easy to see that the ground was covered with the dead and wounded. Many ran to the rear, not a few being shot down before reaching cover. Others could be seen running up the gentle slope toward Petersburg, voluntary prisoners. The rebels in their turn charged our men, yelling as they came up. In this attack they were successful, driving some back and capturing others, in spite of the staggering volleys they received; and it then became evident the attack had failed, with more men lost than would have been if they had pushed on and taken the crest of the hill.

BLUE-BELLE.

A childish face, too smooth and soft, you would have thought, for suffering; yellow hair falling into waves around it; dimples in the cheeks; red, dewy lips, pouting a little; a round, pliant chin; and curves like a baby's where the little head was set on the full, white throat; a character without force enough, you would have said, to be bad or good—a passive, plastic nature, on which other stronger souls could stamp themselves, and coin saint or sinner as fate ordered. Looking out of the window just now with a vague discontent, a sort of longing for some one to do something—for a sensation.

That was Belle Lansing—Blue-belle they all called her, by virtue of deep-blue eyes, and dresses which she almost always wore to match them.

What had Colonel Eustace thought when he gave heart and soul into such frail keeping? His love for her was unaccountable, people said; but people say that of almost all love affairs. Lookers-on never understand the game of hearts. What the players call trumps and honors are very common cards to them. At any rate Colonel Eustace was not a common man. Women whose shoe-latchets Blue-belle was not worthy to unloose would have been proud of his love. He was past his youth, but in the rich prime of his manhood. He had learned the lessons thirty-five years of life held for him, gained strength, courage, and patience in his battle with fate, and stood now on the summit he had gained a hero. Only one thing he had missed "in his life's full scope"—love. And what uncanny fate was it that introduced him to Blue-belle?

He had seen so little of women. They might have souls and minds for all he knew; doubtless they had; but he only looked in them for two things—hearts and faces. The face must be fair, and the heart—of course faces were but reflections of hearts, and through sunny eyes what could shine but a sunny nature?

He saw Blue-belle walking under the elm-trees that arched like the roof of a temple over the straight village street. The sunset rays glanced in the trees like golden arrows, and burnished with a scintillant radiance her yellow hair. Blushes—childish, innocent-looking blushes—came and went on her cheeks. Blue eyes, rosy, parted lips, graceful form, light steps—surely here was Nature's master-piece. Like so many men of his age he fell straight into love. He did not pause to analyze or consider. That she was a good, simple girl—as men of thirty-five believe all girls of seventeen to be good and simple—he never doubted. He did not ask in her any thing for the highest part of his nature to mate with. *That* had sufficed for itself hitherto. He wanted some one to pet, to caress, to be fond of; some one who would make home for him by-and-by.

Blue-belle was flattered. If she had a heart she had never found it out yet; but ambition, pride—innocent-looking little creature as she was—these were not wanting. Colonel Eustace, of the regular army, was a great personage in her eyes. She felt herself distinguished by his attentions, and she accepted them with an eagerness which he thought was simplicity.

Of course he made love desperately, as is the nature of soldiers, and considering also that he had but three weeks wherein to secure what appeared to him just then to be the chiefest treasure the earth held. Blue-belle was eminently receptive—receptive rather than demonstrative—for her nature was not large or intense enough to have very much need of expression. She wore his flowers, rode with him, walked with him, sang to him, and let him love her just as much as he pleased.

The night he bade her good-by she was a little startled at his emotion. The spirit she had raised frightened her. She did not know what such strong words meant. She wished he would not hold her hands so tight, or talk so much about death. She would have liked a cheerful parting better—some pretty speeches about winning laurels to lay at her feet—some protestations—some gallant compliments. Eustace was too much in earnest then for any such light wooing. He believed that he was parting with the one woman the earth held for him—the woman who loved as he loved—who would crown his life if he lived, and be faithful to his memory till the next world if he died. So he talked to her, not of love merely, but of death and heaven. She gave him a soft tress of her yellow hair, and he folded it away as something sacred. He looked at her—a long, silent look—a gaze that would hold in memory forever every item of her loveliness; and then, with a passionate "God bless you!" he went away.

And now it was only a week after and pretty Blue-belle sat by the window longing for some new excitement—something to put a little savor into the life which had grown more monotonous than ever since Colonel Eustace and his romantic devotion had dropped out of it. For Blue-belle was neither strong-hearted nor strong-minded. She was not sufficient unto herself; and she had not enough imagination to solace herself with memory and anticipation. She wanted something tangible and present—something to enjoy.

Behind her, sitting thus at the window and murmuring vague discontents, came Madge, her sister. Daughters of the same parents, reared in the same home, called by the same family name—sisters in so far; but in every thing else, in looks as well as in nature, aliens. Madge was dark and thin; not without her own claims to beauty, but beauty of a very different kind from Belle's. It was beauty that did not catch the eye readily—a loveliness not of shape or tint, though her features were clearly cut and noble, and the long dusky hair matched in shade the great dark eyes. But it was only now and then that her eyes told you any thing, or any color came into the clear olive of her cheek. Usually her face revealed little, and her thin lips closed resolutely over all that her heart felt. Now and then, though, her eyes blazed with scorn, or softened with a tenderness which was mightier than natures like Blue-belle's could ever fathom. Just now, as she came up to the window, there was meaning enough in her face. You could see in it a certain kind of love for the weak, pretty child she looked at, but a love touched with contempt and vexation. Her voice was earnest and honest, and her words might have seemed ungentle if some unexpressed tenderness had not softened her tones.

"Belle, you vex me. You are not worth one of Colonel Eustace's thoughts. Sitting here sighing for fresh excitements, and he scarcely a week gone. He ought to despise you!"

"See if you could make him!" and even Madge was not proof against the charm of the small, mutinous mouth—the rebellious, provoking blue eyes. She spoke more gently.

"But, Belle, you are not a child any longer; for the sake of your own womanhood put away childish things. If Colonel Eustace loves you, why are you not contented? What more of honor could one woman ask? Why are you not satisfied to think of him, to live for him? This craving for new excitements is unworthy of you both. Have you no heart?"

"If I have not whose fault is it? *I* did not make my own nature," and angry tears sparkled in the blue eyes. "Neither you nor John Eustace has a right to ask me to be any thing but myself. If you don't like me as I am leave me. I never made any great professions to Colonel Eustace, or gave him any reason to think I could love in the exclusive, altogether-satisfied, high-and-mighty manner you and he talk about."

"No, but he saw himself reflected in you, and you let him go on believing that you loved him—you know you did. As for the *kind* of love he had no idea of any kind but one. To him love is love."

"And to me sermonizing is a bore."

The words were saucy, but the glance which accompanied them was arch, and a kiss upon Madge's half unwilling lips silenced her.

After that came a visitor, another military hero—Captain Denham. Recruiting in the village, and riding by, he saw at the window the blue eyes, and the primrose face with its yellow hair framing it, and remembered an introduction at a "Sanitary Fair" which gave him a right to call, so he drew rein at the gate. He, too, was there for only a few weeks, and then he was going to the war, a Captain of Volunteers. He was quite of Blue-belle's kind; young, merry, handsome, and a little thoughtless. He had more heart than she, to be sure, for he had not wasted it on so many flirtations.

He, too, fell straightway in love, and began with all humility to wear Blue-belle's fetters. Of course she did not mean to care for him. She considered herself betrothed to Colonel Eustace, and she meant to marry him if the rebel shot and shell should spare her her bridegroom. If she had not been so fettered Denham would have suited her well. Of good family, rich, and full of the courage and grace of a youth at once noble and undisciplined, he was ten times more to her taste than her graver lover had ever been; but she shut her eyes on that, and persuaded herself that she was devoted to Eustace. Captain Denham, she would have said, amused her—supplied the missing excitement for which she had been longing. So she went over again with him the same paths she had trodden at John Eustace's side—Madge wondered the very stones at her feet did not cry out against her. She rode with this new-comer, sang to him, and let him put summer roses in the yellow hair, a lock of which lay close to a heart far away—a heart too noble for her to understand. And Ralph Denham loved her too; loved her with a selfish, frantic, craving love—a young man's love.

What evil spell was on her when he told her of this love? It was not too late then. She might have said to him that she belonged to Eustace—instead she put him off with vague denials, noes that had no emphasis in them, and in spite of which he believed that he held her heart. Even when he cut off for himself, without her permission, a loose tress of her flowing hair, she did not take it away from him. The truth was, she came a great deal nearer to loving him than she had ever done to loving Eustace—he was nearer her age, more of her kind.

When he was fairly gone she began to realize what she had done, and to be, not remorseful—her nature was not deep enough for that—but frightened over it. She went to Madge, of course, and told her all. It was her wont to pile all her burdens on some other person's shoulders. But she got no comfort. Madge could not understand her state of mind. That a woman should not know which of two men she loved, and should encourage both, was a state of things she could neither pity nor comprehend. So Blue-belle had to console herself as she best could. She found a crumb of comfort in thinking that her two lovers were not very likely to know each other, though both were with the Army of the Potomac. She thought there would be little probability of intimacy or acquaintanceship between a Colonel of regulars and a Captain of volunteers. Besides, as she said to Madge, it was an even chance that they would both be killed, and ten chances to one that one or the other would be.

"And you would marry the survivor, whichever he might be?" Madge questioned, with a wrathful blaze in her eyes, and an intensity of scorn in her tone that made Blue-belle quake a little.

After a while both of them wrote to her, and as it never rains but it pours, both letters came on the same day, and between them made Belle Lansing more uncomfortable than she had ever been in her life. She saw how both depended on her and loved her—how each one regarded her as his future wife. To see how true and honest they had been did at last rouse some late remorse in her heart; but presently, as she turned a leaf in Captain Denham's letter, all contrition was swallowed up in one agony of fear. He spoke of Colonel Eustace as his best friend. A family connection, of which Belle had not heard before, was the explanation; but Denham said the kindness he had received from the Colonel was something more than he had had any right to expect. He wrote of him with a frank enthusiasm, a warmth of attachment, which filled Belle with terror. Of course, she thought, he would tell the Colonel about her. Judging him, as women are apt to judge men, by herself, she thought it would be impossible for him to keep from so dear a friend a secret which lay so near his heart.

Her dismay was intense. If there had not been something ludicrous in it it would have been pathetic. They would talk her over together, and they would both hate her. "Wouldn't they?" This question to Madge, who had been listening to her bewailings in unsympathetic silence.

"No!" Madge did not think Colonel Eustace would hate her. She thought the feeling he would have for a woman who was too weak to know her own mind would be better described by another word than hate. As for the Captain, he was young and in love—besides, he was the latest comer—perhaps he would overlook all.

But even this view of the subject was scarcely consolatory to Blue-belle. The higher grapes hang the sweeter they are to natures of her kind. With the thought that probably Colonel Eustace would not want her returned an intense admiration for him. She recalled his noble presence; his eloquent words; his manly, unselfish love; and began to admire him franticly, and think if she lost him there would be no more stars in her sky. Madge, who knew her better than she knew herself, believed that the lesson would do her good. As for Colonel Eustace, she thought that when he should know all it would help him to an understanding of himself and his own needs, which would insure him against heart-break—if indeed such a word as heart-break be permissible in remotest connection with six feet of heroic flesh and blood under the uniform of the United States.

The next letter was from Colonel Eustace, and came for Madge. While in her neighborhood the Colonel had scarcely noticed Blue-belle's dark and quiet elder sister. It was singular how clearly her image came back to him when an emergency arrived where strength was needed.

Strong as Madge was her fingers trembled a little when she held his letter in them. Why had he written to *her*? It was just after a great battle—was there something he feared to say to Belle? Was some one wounded—or did he know all, and was Captain Denham dead? She was thankful that Blue-belle was out, and she could read the letter with no questioning, watching eyes waiting for its tidings. She opened it, and it seemed scarcely a moment before she understood all.

The night before the battle Captain Denham had come to him with a letter to be forwarded, in case he died, to Miss Belle Lansing. Then, with the morrow's desperate chances before him, the young man's heart had opened to his friend, and Colonel Eustace had listened to the whole story of his love and his hopes. He had said nothing, for he thought the latest lover must have been the dearest to that fickle girl-heart. If Denham must die, let him die believing himself beloved—if he lived, why not believe himself beloved also, and be happy. For his own part, of course, he had no disposition to contest such a claim—this ended all. Belle had *not* loved him, whatever she might have felt for Denham. In any event *his* dream was over. If the wound was sore, he uttered, writing to Madge, no word of complaint.

He passed from his account of this interview in his tent the night before the battle to his story of the morrow's strife. Denham had distinguished himself, but he had been severely wounded. There was some hope for his life, but he lay now in hospital, delirious, and calling constantly for Belle, He had need of better nursing than the regular attendants could give, in this time of hurry and confusion—if there had been any truth in that love in which Captain Denham had certainly the firmest faith, did not Miss Lansing think her sister could, and ought to, come to the hospital at once?

As Madge raised her eyes she met Belle's. She had come in from walking, and Madge had been too much absorbed to notice her footsteps. She stood there, her face white with a desperate terror, looking at the handwriting she knew so well on the cover of the letter her sister was reading.

Madge knew not how to soften her tidings. She felt helpless. She just handed the letter to Belle, and kept silence until the girl had read it all through. Then she asked, simply,

"How soon can you be ready?"

"Oh, Madge, I can not, can not go! How could I ever see Colonel Eustace? I should die of shame."

Madge looked at her sternly.

"Belle," she said, in a tone as relentless as an avenging conscience, "which of those men did you love? It is no time for folly or self-deception when death is waiting for one of your victims."

Belle trembled. For the first time in her life she looked resolutely into her own soul and sounded its depths. Then she answered as solemnly as if she were speaking at the Judgment,

"I loved Ralph Denham. Colonel Eustace only dazzled me. I thought his attentions were a great honor, and I did not know what love was. But I did not know either that I loved Denham until this news came. If he dies it will be God's punishment for my sin."

"Do you love him, and hesitate about going to him for fear of Colonel Eustace's scorn? Child, you will rue it all your life if you falter now. You must go to-day."

They had no one to ask. They were orphans, the two girls, and the aunt who lived with them and was indebted to them for home and comfort never thought of criticising their proceedings. Madge was the ruling spirit in all emergencies. She got Belle ready, and packed the things they would both need. Belle noticed nothing, but when they were at the dépôt she said, appealingly,

"If you were only going, Madge!"

"Of course I am. You did not think I should send you alone?"

After that Belle said no more. She performed the journey mechanically. At its close Colonel Eustace met them. He had made sure that they would come. He bowed to Belle gravely and respectfully, and answered Madge's inquiry for Captain Denham with as few words as possible.

"Yes, he is alive still. Are you able to go at once to the hospital?"

They found the patient very ill. Belle's eyes filled with bitter tears as she heard him ask for her, in pleading, helpless tones. She bent over him, untroubled now even by John Eustace's eyes, and pressed her lips to his face.

"I am here, Ralph; I will not leave you."

Strength seemed to go out from her: courage to breathe from her lips. She seemed to infuse something of her own vitality into the man she nursed. He began to improve from the very night of her coming. She watched him week after week, as he climbed slowly upward from the valley and shadow of death, the darkness in which he had seemed to stand. During those weeks she grew into womanhood. The playful, selfish child was gone forever. A woman-nature looked out of her blue eyes, which many tears had softened. There would be no danger now of her ever doubting again who she loved.

When at last Captain Denham rose from his bed of pain, thin, pale, lame, and disabled for evermore from fighting in his country's wars, she made her humble confession to him—told him the whole story of her acquaintance with Colonel Eustace—her uncertainty, even after she knew him, who held her heart, until the sharp blade of anguish had probed it and revealed its secret.

"Can you ever forgive me?" was her concluding sentence.

He looked at her sadly.

"Is my forgiveness worth any thing, Blue-belle? Could you ever marry me, halt, feeble, helpless?"

Her eyes answered him; her cheeks, where the blushes came and went as of old; last of all the trembling lips, which he closed with his kisses.

That day, too, Colonel Eustace stole an hour to talk with Madge.

"If I only dared to say I love you; but how can I hope you will believe me when you know all I felt for Belle—when I saw you at the same time I saw her, and did not choose you—did not recognize you? And yet, Madge, if you only *could* believe that I offer you no second place in a worn-out heart, but first love, best love, of which the other was only a prefiguring dream, you could be all the world to me."

To him, her first lover, Madge Lansing raised her eyes—those great, dark eyes, full now of light and splendor, uttering her soul as no words could; and he, from henceforth to be her other self, understood her, knew that there could be no more doubt between them.

So once in this world of tangles all came out right, and four hearts were happy, in spite of a girl's fickleness and a man's pride.

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